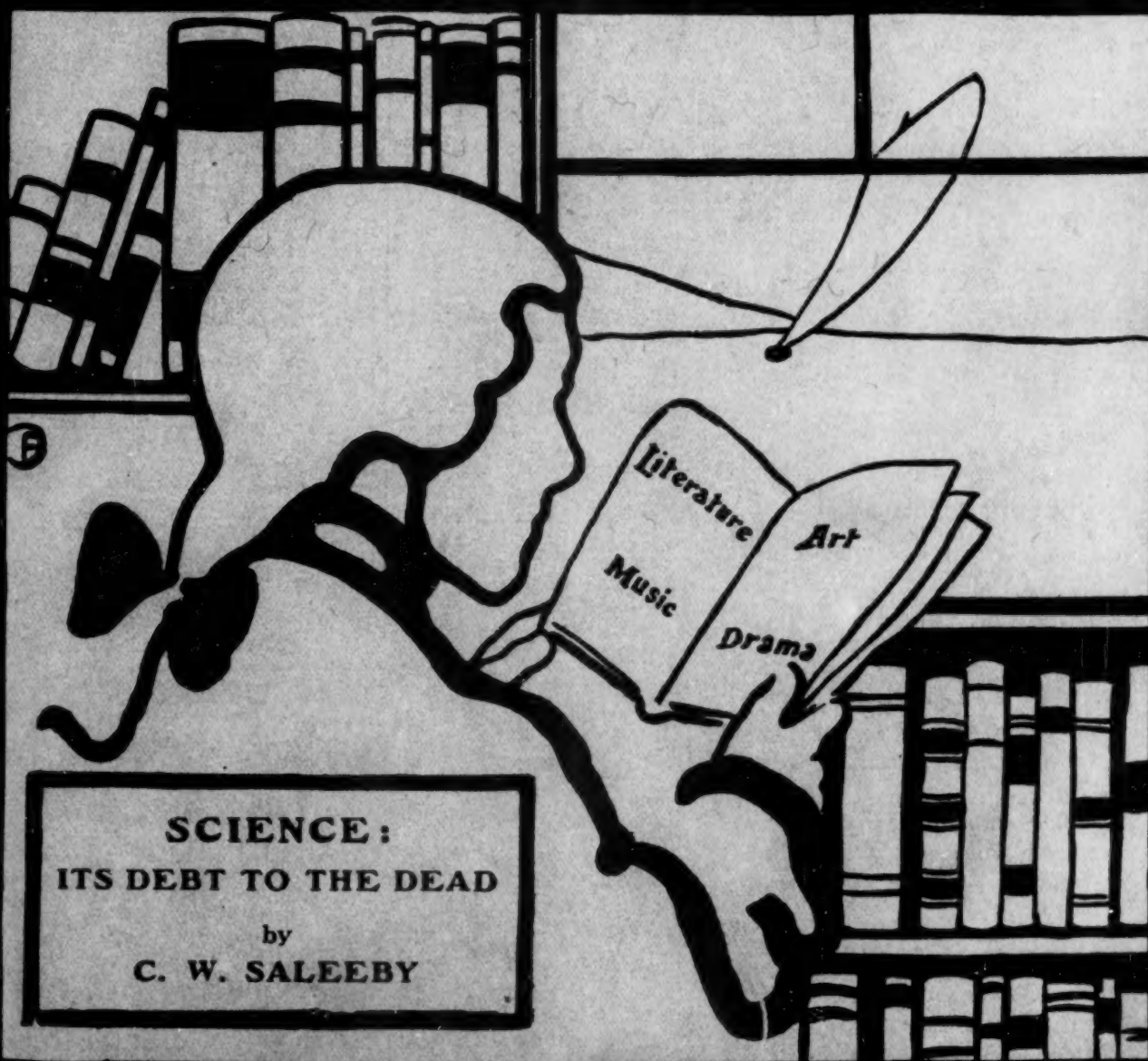


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Literary Notes

THE annual record of the past year's output of books, issued by the "Publishers' Circular," contains, as usual, matter for comment. It is surprising to learn that about 300 sixpenny novels were published during 1903. Of these, of course, the large majority were reprints of old and new favourites, but the largeness of the number speaks loudly of the still growing appetite for works of fiction. It is often said, with no little untruth, that the days of adventures are passed away; in the main such a statement cannot for a moment be supported, but if it were limited to town life, it would be rash to deny that the ever-increasing commercial competition and the sub-division of labour has painted grey the life of hundreds of thousands. These have to seek in the pages of novels for light and colour, and it is matter for thankfulness that the majority of British novelists turn out stories that, even if they are unable to do little good, can do little hurt.

It is as easy to under-estimate as to over-estimate the influence of fiction upon national life. The vast majority of readers confine their attention to newspapers and to fiction, and just as most of them learn the history of to-day at the hands of the journalist so do most of them believe that they learn life at the hands of the novelist. It is not a question of figures or of parliamentary returns, but it is impossible to repel the persuasion that vast numbers of men and women look upon life with eyes blinded with the untruths of cheap and unvarnished novels, from the pages of which they draw their views of morals and men. Bearing on this point, it may be noted that of the 8,381 works published last year, 2,650 were juvenile works and fiction, a somewhat unsatisfactory classification; next in number comes "Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets," but "not Sermons," 906; theology, &c., 702; educational, doubtless chiefly school-books, 748, and history, 573.

BUT the mere number of works issued gives no sort of key, to the number of volumes sold under each such heading as given above; were history 2,650 and novels 573, the latter might be far ahead really as regards numbers sold; were such figures obtainable the quantity of sack to bread would probably be far more striking. Then again, serious works are in little demand at the lending libraries as compared with fiction. But for the latter class of literature such libraries would soon close, exposing their unprofitable careers in the Bankruptcy Court. The more we study the reading public, the more clear does it seem that the circle is very small that truly loves good books. So it is to-day, was yesterday, and probably ever will be. It is human nature, I suppose; the best art, the best music, the best books appeal to a small, highly cultivated number of men and women.

I HAD written the above lines before coming upon, in the "Library World," an extract from an address given before the Illinois State Library Association by Mr. E. S.



Mr. BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES

[Photo. H. W. Salmon, Winchester.]

Wilcox, which is so curiously coincidental that I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines:—

There are people who can not read at all, and others who have no taste for books, in whom the power to fix continued attention on the printed page is still an undeveloped faculty, and to whom a word of more than three syllables is as hard to get by, as a spook in a lonely road in the woods after dark, and there are others again who have just reached the story-telling age in their development, like young children or those Orientals who never tire of the "Thousand and One Nights," all these people have rights in a Free Public Library and claims on it, as well as you and I. Let us remember then, that a wholesome story, a work of the imagination, even if it be a little weak and watery to our taste, may give not only entertainment, but may also bring a gleam of sunshine, some thrill of human sympathy into the humdrum life of many a tired woman. It is only people of some education and culture who find their pleasure in history and philosophy, in our great poets and essayists. Nor is it otherwise in music and the drama. Taking our population straight through, how many of them understand and enjoy a Beethoven sonata, a

Robert Franz song of a Loewe ballad compared with the multitude whose toes tingle at a Strauss waltz or a lively tune in rag time.

Yes, sugar for children, but the sugar must be pure.

THE friends, and they were many, of the late Benjamin Franklin Stevens will read with interest the privately printed Memoir written by Mr. G. Manville Fenn. Mr. Stevens held from 1860, until his death in 1902, the responsible office of United States Despatch Agent, but, apart from his official work, will be—or rather is—chiefly remembered for the numberless services he rendered to American bookmen, above all, historians. By English men of letters he, among other services, should be remembered kindly as one of the chief agents in securing the purchase of Carlyle's House in Cheyne Row.

THE dearest and greatest work of his life, however, one of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the value, was the compilation of a Catalogue Index of MSS. in the Archives of England, France, Holland, and Spain, relating to America, 1763 to 1783. It was compiled in three divisions, in each of which the 161,000 documents were cited; the divisions being (1) the Catalogue, 50 volumes, giving the short titles of the documents in the order in which they exist in public and private collections, such as the Record Office, the French Foreign, Marine, and War Offices, the collections of Lord Lansdowne, &c.; (2) the Chronological Index, 100 volumes, giving a description of each document; (3) the Alphabetical Index, 30 volumes, of Authors and Receivers or Subject Matter. What a monument of worthy industry; what a gold mine to future historians. No wonder that the hope is expressed that the work will find a resting-place in one of the National Institutions of the United States. Here is an opportunity for an American man of money to prove his love of letters.

THERE are few more useful works for literary men than "The Index to the Periodicals," of which publication the 1903 issue is just to hand. A vast amount of valuable work appears in the magazines to which it would be most difficult to refer if it were not for this annual. Books on any given subject can easily be "turned up," but articles and reviews often contain information not obtainable elsewhere, also illustrations, and the literary worker or searcher can lay his hand upon what he wants by reference to this handy index. Miss Hetherington is to be congratulated upon the accuracy and completeness with which her work is done.

ENGLISH literature has always been very sensitive to foreign influence, and Major Martin Hume's choice of "Spanish Influences upon English Prose Literature," as subject for his lectures at the Birkbeck College, is interesting. The lectures are for the University of London, University Extension Board, and commence on January 20. In connection with these lectures I may mention that a Central Association of University Extension Students has been formed "to assist in making the Central Courses of Lectures as widely known as possible and generally to promote University Extension work." It can hardly be doubted that such an association is needed and will do good work. The hon. sec. is Mr. Max Judge, 7 Pall Mall, S.W.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—In turning over some old letters to-day I came across one written ten years ago in reply to a query, addressed by me to an intimate friend of Mr. Herbert Spencer and of my own (Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S.), which is not devoid of interest. The question

propounded was: "Did the great philosopher possess domestic pets of any description?" and it elicited the following response: "He (Mr. Spencer) has returned from St. Leonard's, but is in very, very indifferent health, and, as you know, resents the slightest possible interruption to his work—or, rather, the work of his lifetime, pursued for fifty years—the completion of the Synthetic Philosophy. Besides this he has lived all his life the life of a bachelor—in private apartments, where he would not be likely to keep pets. . . . The following statement, however, may be regarded as accurate: His intense love of Individualism extends even to the lower animals, and he strongly objects to birds being confined in cages."

THE ESSEX REVIEW for January makes interesting reading, notably the article on "Great Waltham Five Centuries Ago," by Dr. Andrew Clark, with two capital illustrations, especially that of the fine old mantelpiece at Langleys.

"THE WAR OF 1812," by Captain Mahan, commences well in this month's "Scribners'." How is it that our magazines fear to give their readers such serious fare as is often, in fact almost always, provided by "Scribners'," "Harpers," and "The Century"? I probably am wrong, but I do believe that many, many people in this country would welcome a change in this direction in some of our better class illustrated magazines. Tit-bits of articles are beginning to pall, yet for relief we must look to our cousins over the water. Is this as it should be? Or as it might profitably be to all concerned? In the same issue is an able article by Mr. M. H. Spielmann on Mr. Frank Brangwyn, finely illustrated.

"THE LIFE OF HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM THE SECOND, GERMAN EMPEROR," which Messrs. MacLehose, of Glasgow, are on the point of issuing, is one evidence that the conduct of a large commercial business is sometimes quite compatible with the pursuit of authorship. For, coming from the pen of Mr. William Jacks, it is the work of a man who has risen from a beginning in a shipyard to the head of a large iron and steel business, and has contrived to find time to write several books.

WILLIAM JACKS, LL.D., is said to have on one occasion expressed his belief in "politics, pig-iron, and poetry," and he has concerned himself in all three. He has represented in Parliament first the Leith Burghs and then Stirlingshire; he has dealt in pig-iron or its products during all his business career; and his interest in poetry and in languages has found expression in a translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and in a volume on "Robert Burns in other Tongues." His "Life of James Watt" testifies to his interest in engineering; and his new book, following upon a "Life of Bismarck," to his admiration for German notabilities. His honorary degree comes from Glasgow University.

PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH, of Glasgow University, has written a comedy, which was acted privately in the Second City the other evening and which, it is said, will shortly be played in London; but it is much more likely, in the first instance, to be produced, for copyright purposes, on the little stage in the Glasgow Athenæum. The play exhibits the superiority, in the knowledge of a maid, of a linen-draper's bagman over an Oxford don. But then Professor Raleigh is a Cambridge man. The comedy is said to be extremely amusing.

WHETHER or not Professor Raleigh believes, with Mr. Churton Collins, that the philologists have captured the English Literature Chairs in the Universities, he certainly is of opinion that the teaching of the language and of the literature of our country should not, as in his own case, be conjoined. He has presented to the University Court of Glasgow a statement in which he urges the need of adequate and distinct provision for the teaching of the language, by a professor or lecturer, with a salary large enough to attract a scholar of acknowledged attainments. Hitherto a thorough training in English philology has required a prolonged residence abroad, and Mr. Raleigh urges Glasgow University to make such a training possible at home. The Court has undertaken to give the statement sympathetic consideration.

BESIDE Edinburgh and Glasgow, several of the larger Scottish towns give such encouragement to art as is derivable from the promotion of periodical exhibitions of pictures. Among these is Paisley, which is now holding its twenty-eighth annual show. The thread town and its vicinage have many private collections of great value, and these contribute largely to the loan section, which includes examples of Lely, Raeburn, Dupré, Jacob Maris, Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough. Several of the more notable present-day painters are members of the Paisley Institute, including J. E. Christie (who began his art education in the town), and they send numerous pictures. The total number on the walls is 362, and the all-round quality of the work is not appreciably lower than at more important shows.

THE three most read books in Germany during the past year are, according to the reports of the booksellers, three novels (and in the following order): Beyerlein, "Jena oder Sedan"; Heyking, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten"; and Frenesen, "Jörn Uhl."

THE authors, still novelists, who come next in popularity, are Clara Viebig, Thomas Mann and Georg von Ompfeda. The German critics are rejoicing because for the first time for several years there are no foreigners among the most read novelists in Germany. In former years Zola, Tolstoi, and Sienkiewicz have taken high places.

AN excellent appreciation of George Gissing, by Dr. Max Meyerfeld of Berlin, appears in "Die Nation" (January 9, 1904). The German critic writes most sympathetically, and testifies to a thorough understanding of the English novelist's point of view and purpose. We have not come across anything we like better from Gissing's English critics. In the same number Professor Richard Meyer concludes a very interesting essay on modern women novelists. He deals, of course, with his own countrywomen, but incidentally says some pertinent things of George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

THE first number of a new periodical, "La Revue des Idées," made its appearance in Paris on the 15th of this month. It is to contain studies in general criticism, and will be published fortnightly. Among the contents of No. 1 are articles on Radium, on the Scientific Value of Renan's Work, on Francis Bacon and Joseph de Maistre, on Herbert Spencer, and on the Abbé Loisy. The list of contributors includes all the most celebrated scientists and philosophers of France; the only English names we note are those of Arthur Symonds in the division of æsthetics, and of Havelock Ellis in the department of psychology.

The editor is M. Remy de Gourmont. The review, it is hoped, will form a bridge between literature and science, and be thus an instrument of general culture.

WE regret to record the almost sudden death, at Paris, of Miss Hannah Lynch, who for some time was the Paris correspondent of THE ACADEMY. That she was a clever and able writer in many paths of literature is well known to readers of her books, among which may be especially noted the "Autobiography of a Child."

THE Royal Library of Dresden possesses the unique copy of the black-letter edition (the second) of Rabelais' "Pantagruel," printed by François Juste at Lyons in 1533. A facsimile in photogravure is now published by the Société du Mercure de France, preceded by an historical, bibliographical and critical essay by Léon Dorez and Pierre-Paul Plan. Only 200 copies are issued, at the cost of 20fr. each.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

By arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. James Finch will publish "The Hampstead Shakespeare," in four volumes, being the complete works of Shakespeare with the Life by Mr. Sidney Lee; there will be four photogravure plates, special endpapers, and other decorations. Also by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan the same publisher will issue the illustrated edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," in four volumes, with many special features, including maps, a photogravure portrait, endpapers, &c.—In view of the prominence events in the Far East are taking, Messrs. W. Thacker & Co. are bringing out a second edition of Mr. F. T. Jane's "The Imperial Russian Navy," the first edition of which was published by them about four years since.—"How to Write Verse" is to be the title of a little book to be issued from the office of "Great Thoughts." The efforts of would-be poets have been criticised for some time past in a special column of the journal, and this book is an attempt to meet the needs of those who would fain express their thoughts in verse, but who have no knowledge of the technical side of verse-writing.—The first volume to be issued in Messrs. Methuen's series of "Books on Business" is "Railways," by Mr. E. R. McDermott. The work opens with a historical sketch; the relations between the railway companies and the public are dealt with, and chapters are devoted to railway administration and the future. The work also treats of the profit-earning powers of British railways. In the "Little Biographies" series the same publishers are issuing Mr. T. F. Henderson's "Life of Robert Burns," with twelve illustrations. The work should be of special interest just now.—"The City of the Magyars," by Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, is the title of a book on Budapest, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on January 18. He will also publish on same day a popular edition of Dr. Augustus Jessopp's "Before the Great Pillage, with Other Miscellanies." The volume will be uniform in price and get-up with the three-and-sixpenny edition of the author's other works.—"Elizabethan Critical Essays," edited by Mr. G. Gregory Smith, lecturer on English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, will be issued this spring from the Clarendon Press in two volumes, uniform with Professor Ker's "Essays of Dryden."—Ben Jonson's complete works, in a standard edition of, probably, nine octavo volumes, is announced by Mr. Henry Frowde. The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have long had this work in contemplation, and have secured the co-operation of Professor C. H. Herford and of Mr. Percy Simpson.

Bibliographical

THE "Complete Poetical Works" of Miss Rossetti, in one volume, promised us by Messrs. Macmillan, will be, of course, very welcome. Such collections, though not comparable in personal interest to the separate volumes on which they are founded, are eminently useful for purposes of reference; and in the present instance rumour says that the collection will contain some hitherto unpublished matter. Bibliographers, at any rate, will not be satisfied if the new "Works" are not absolutely "complete." There must be no omissions; all the verse by Miss Rossetti, which has taken form in print, must be brought together in this volume. Messrs. Macmillan, we may assume, have secured from the S.P.C.K. the right to reproduce the verse contained in the books by Miss Rossetti which have the Society's imprint. As most people know, Miss Rossetti scattered original verse through several devotional volumes—"Annus Domini," "Called to the Saints," "Time Flies," and "The Face of the Deep," to wit. Indeed, the original verse contained in the three last-named were brought together in a book published by the S.P.C.K. itself in 1893. This last was called, simply, "Verses," and, together with the "new and enlarged" edition of the "Poems" published in 1890, and the "New Poems Hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected" issued in 1896, represents the presently accessible collections of Miss Rossetti's verse.

Mr. Austin Dobson is, of course, the very man to edit and annotate Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters. His edition should practically be the final one. Meanwhile, it is interesting to trace the gradual "recrudescence" of Fanny Burney's popularity, which, after dying down very low indeed, has within the last fifteen years or so been greatly revived and strengthened. A praiseworthy effort to that end was made in 1889 with "Fanny Burney and her Friends," a collection of passages from her correspondence and journals. Then, in 1890, we had her "Early Diary," edited in two volumes by A. R. Ellis. In the same year Mr. W. C. Ward began the publication of his edition of the Diary and Letters in three volumes—an edition completed in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1891, came, in three volumes, the Diary and Letters as edited by Charlotte Barrett. It was no doubt the success of all these enterprises which suggested the inclusion of Fanny in the "English Men of Letters" series.

The production of "The Widow Woos" at the Haymarket Theatre will no doubt have the effect of drawing renewed attention to the prose fictions of "M. E. Francis." Mrs. Blundell appears to have first challenged the verdict of the public in 1892, when her "Whither?" appeared. Next year came "In a North Country Village" and "Town Mice in the Country," followed in 1894 by "The Story of Dan," in 1895 by "A Daughter of the Soil" and "Frieze and Fustian," in 1896 by "Among the Untrodden Ways," in 1897 by "Maim o' the Corner," in 1898 by "Miss Erin" and "The Duenna of a Genius," in 1900 by "Yeoman Fleetwood," and so forth. It is to be noted that in adapting her little story to the stage of the Haymarket, Mrs. Blundell has had the wisdom to collaborate with that experienced actor, Mr. Sydney Valentine.

Three of Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming "Little Biographies" will be devoted respectively to Goethe, Canning, and Lord Beaconsfield. They will not be at all supererogatory, for, though we already possess "little biographies" of Goethe, Canning, and Lord Beaconsfield, by A. Hayward, F. H. Hill, and J. A. Froude respectively, these all date so far back that they may very properly be supplemented. Froude's "Beaconsfield" (1890) will of course always have a certain measure of interest, inherent in the personality of the writer. But Mr. Walter

Sichel is likely to give us something more thoroughly sympathetic and assuredly not less full and accurate. Materials exist in print for a very satisfactory monograph on Disraeli, if the monographist do but have the necessary learning and judgment.



Mr. LOUIS BECKE

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts' new volume of "Poems" has aroused fresh interest in the books from his pen, whether in verse or in prose, which have been published or circulated in this country. These are now fairly numerous. To go no farther back than the beginning of the 'nineties, we have had from Mr. Roberts "Down the Ohio" (1891), "Songs of the Common Day" (1893), "Around the Camp Fire" (1896), "Earth's Enigmas" (1896), "The Forge in the Forest" (1897), "A History of Canada" (1898), "By the Marshes of Minas" (1900), "New York Nocturnes and other Poems" (1898), "Sister to Evangeline" (1899, 1900), "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" (1900, 1901, 1902), "Barbara Ladd" (1902), and "The Kindred of the Wild" (1902), to say nothing of a couple of guide-books to Canada.

The promised reprint of the Essays of Abraham Cowley should find favour with many, for they have not been republished separately since 1886, when Henry Morley included them in "Cassell's National Library." No doubt they duly had a place in the "Prose Works" of Cowley issued from the Pitt Press in 1887.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

Shakespeare Problems

SHAKESPEARE-RÄTSEL. Von Eduard Engel. (Leipzig: Seemann. 2 m.)

DR. ENGEL gathers together in this volume some of the problems about Shakespeare that are of greatest interest to the modern reader and student. He discusses the question of the authorship of the plays in a manner that should convince the most ardent Baconian of his errors, and demonstrates that Shakespeare's position in the judgment of his contemporaries leaves no doubt whatever about his identity. One of the most interesting of the essays is entitled "Shakespeare in Pomerania." Philip Julius, Duke of Pomerania, spent three weeks in England in 1602 and repeatedly visited the theatres. On his return to Germany he invited to his court a company of about twenty English actors, a proceeding that caused his ministers to fear the strain on the State finances, and also called forth a reproof from the court chaplain, who objected to the performances even of mysteries or miracle plays being given in the churches. We learn from his letters a most important fact, that the players spoke their words in English. The audience must therefore have understood enough of that tongue to enable them to follow and appreciate the play.

Engel, we are glad to note, is a most determined anti-Baconian. He declares that the Germans might as well try to demonstrate that Kant wrote Schiller. Engel brings forward some new arguments to show how slight was Bacon's general culture; nowhere does he mention the great English writers who were his contemporaries or forerunners. We hear nothing in his writings of Chaucer or Spenser, or Sidney, or More, or Ascham, and as little of the great names of European literature—Dante or Petrarch, or Ariosto or Tasso. His interest in art seems to have been as small as his love of poetry. According to Engel, even his claims as a man of science rest on slippery ground. He was something of a plagiarist there, and part of the "Advancement of Learning" is a free translation or adaptation of Charron's "De la Sagesse." That Bacon was no poet is clear to all who read him, that he had no feeling for art is also clear, and Engel is probably right when he says that more poetry may be found in Bismarck's speeches and letters than in Bacon's works. But all the same, it is matter for doubt if in these sorts of discussions much is to be gained by belittling Bacon's own achievement.

The question whether Shakespeare was ever in Italy forms the subject of another essay. Shakespeare shows so close, not to say minute, an acquaintance with Padua and Venice, that Engel thinks in all probability he had visited those cities. But documentary evidence is entirely lacking, and therefore no definite answer can be given. Engel is inclined however to the opinion that the likelihood of Shakespeare's travels in Italy is greater than the contrary.

The last essay in the book—"How Othello originated"—is a clever and amusing *jeu d'esprit*. Shakespeare is seen at his writing table in the room he rents from Mistress Hacket near the Globe Theatre. He is reading in Cinthio's "Hecatommithi" the story of the Moor of Venice. Point by point he goes through it, elaborating, criticising, improving, even asking his landlady's advice as to her course of action if she knew that her husband intended to murder a woman—"She would not keep such a secret, no, not an hour!" And this goes on until at length the poet has evolved the plot and some of the lines of his great tragedy. The geniality and swing of the little skit lend it a certain attraction.

"A Sigh for the Olden Times"

OLD TIME TRAVEL. By Alexander Innes Shand. (Murray. 12s. net.)

TRAVEL talk is almost always entertaining, and quite delightful are the reminiscences of old times and old ways given us by Mr. Innes Shand. They are jottings and notes from memory, therefore, perhaps, all the more fresh and distinct. What sticks in the mind's eye is usually more to the point than memories called up by notes made at the time. Mr. Shand carries us with him on his travels over most of Western Europe, journeyings made round about fifty years ago, having much to tell us of other days and other manners and methods. Such a book as this enables the reader to realise how vast a change in travel has been brought about by the extension of the European railway system and by the march of commercial enterprise. The traveller of to-day rushes, or is rushed from city to city, from town to town, from country to country, seeing little of the places and the countryside that intervene. Of the life of the different peoples he visits he sees but little, and though there be many a nook still undefiled by the globe-trotter, they are only explored by the lover of the by-ways of travel. Who, for instance, to take a trite example, really explores to-day the valley of the Rhine? Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, that is the Rhine to the average traveller, only the pedestrian or the bicyclist learns to know the true beauty of the river scenery, visits the countless small towns and villages full of romantic association and of beautiful relics of the past, or sees anything of the lurking lovelinesses of the small valleys on either bank.

The tendency of the age is to overdo certain show-places and to ignore all centres of interest, natural or acquired, which do not figure largely in the programmes of the various tourist agencies. Those who would know how much they miss, how many hidden delights there are in Europe, will do well to read, from cover to cover, Mr. Shand's most enjoyable book.

A brief quotation will serve to show the altered state of affairs in hotel life:—

At Berne there were two excellent old-fashioned hostelries in the main street, with the signs of the Crown and the Falcon. I used to put up at the Falcon, and it was significant of the times that the friendly host always recognised and greeted me as an old acquaintance. He remembered my tastes and studied them. Once I was greatly touched by his paternal and disinterested solicitude. He laid a hand on my shoulder when leaving, and told me he had been thinking I was wasting my life and what he was pleased to call my talents. I should be a happier man if I renounced roving, and went in for marriage.

He was a genuine type of the old Swiss landlord, who, though he looked sharply enough after the main chance, was more of the courteous gentleman than the profit-seeking host.

So it is in almost all big centres, but off the tourist track many an old-fashioned hotel and old-fashioned host and hostess may still be found; long may they flourish. Apart from the practical interest of the book, there are many pages of what may be called personal chat, all small beer, or shall we say lager beer—in comparison with the more robust provender usually provided in travel books. But such small beer is a very pleasant refreshment and in the present strenuous days very palatable.

In its fresh, fragrant, open-air way this is quite one of the pleasantest books we have been given for a long time past.

Shelley

AN EXAMINATION OF THE SHELLEY MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. By C. D. Locock, B.A. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound" Ione speaks—

I see a chariot like that thinnest boat,
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave.

Mr. Locock conjectured that for *night* should be read *light*, and having examined the manuscript in the Bodleian Library he had the pleasure of ascertaining that his conjecture had the autograph authority of Shelley. Thus began his examination of the Shelley manuscripts, the results of which, as his title-page puts it, are "the publication of several long fragments hitherto unknown, and the introduction of many improved readings into 'Prometheus Unbound' and other poems." In his task, carried out with all the patience and exactness required by manuscripts often difficult to decipher with their numberless swift cancellings and substitutions, Mr. Locock has gleaned after a diligent and scholarly gleaner, Dr. Garnett. No additions to the published verse of Shelley at all comparable in value to those given in the "Relics of Shelley," 1862, by Mr. Locock's predecessor, are now to be obtained; yet Mr. Locock has added some passages, so characteristic of Shelley, that they have the value of diamond sparks. The following may serve as an example:—

Serene in his unconquerable might
Endued the Almighty King, his steadfast throne
Encompassed unapproachably with power
And darkness and deep solitude and awe
Stood like a black cloud on some airy cliff
Embosoming its lighting.

The most important work in this volume, however, will be found in certain unquestionable corrections of the text in poems already published. A single example must suffice. In the received text of "Arethusa" we read—

And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow.

Mr. Rossetti suggested the word *congealed* for *concealed*. The MS. word *unsealed*, says Mr. Locock, is perfectly legible.

Mr. Locock's investigation throws an interesting light on the value of printed texts and of conjectural readings. In several instances Mr. Rossetti's ingenious conjectures are confirmed by the MS. In several instances Mr. Forman errs through his conservatism. But again, in several instances, Mr. Rossetti's conjectures are disproved, and Mr. Forman's conservative readings are sustained. The conclusion at which one arrives is that in cases, such as the case of Shakespeare's plays, where we have no manuscript authority, conjecture has a very high value, and yet that it can rarely attain to moral certainty. We infer that an editor ought to be highly conservative in his printed text and boldly conjectural in his notes.

More than twenty published poems, and among these "Epipsychidion," "Prometheus Unbound," and "Prince Athanase" are dealt with by Mr. Locock. His reconstruction of the opening stanza of "To Constantia, Singing," is of special interest.

The Duke's Talk

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By Francis, the first Earl of Ellesmere. Edited, with a Memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE sayings and letters of the Duke, collected by one of his few near friends, have long been known in a measure to historical students. In one form or another they have

appeared in reviews and notices and memoirs, till there is comparatively little in the present volume that is absolutely new. Lord Ellesmere's "Quarterly" articles on "that pompous compiler from Gazettes, Alison," were known to have been inspired by the Duke. The Duke's various memoranda on the battle of Waterloo were also known, and to speak truly, they were regarded as rather interesting than authoritative.

Still, it was undoubtedly well to bring together the scattered recollections of a great man, and it was a happy inspiration to preface these with a memoir of the kindly and able friend who preserved the sayings of the Duke. Lord Ellesmere's own letters on his diplomatic and other travels are very sprightly. He saw Spain in the anarchy of 1823, before the French occupation, and was not impressed with the country or people. "The Spaniards are the finest barbarians in the world," he wrote; but added, "The moment that a Spaniard is in any way civilised, he is lost for ever."

The reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, which occupy most of the volume, are not arranged on any plan, and sometimes there are repetitions. It is a pity, too, that an index could not have been added, as it will often be hard to find a particular item in a series of unconnected anecdotes. I notice one rather bad slip, probably due to Lord Ellesmere, when he speaks of the Duke as considering the Archduke Charles of Austria's campaign "against Jourdain and Moreau, in 1798," as a masterpiece. The opinion is sound, but the general was Jourdan, and the date 1796.

The most interesting parts of the reminiscences are those that present the Iron Duke under a human and kindly aspect. It is amusing to find Wellington, when at Eton, winning his first battle by defeating "Bobus" Smith, the Rev. Sydney's dull brother, on the bank of the river. It is also odd to find that when studying at Angers he was weak and sickly, and that India, which has shattered so many British constitutions, gave him the iron health which did so much for his success in the field. Other traits are more like the traditional sternness of the Duke. "In the whole course of my life," he wrote in 1818, "whether in poverty or otherwise, I have never had occasion to accept a bill." There is a characteristic touch of British self-righteousness here.

The remarks of the Duke on Waterloo have been mostly known before. There is some piquancy in his idea that Alison the voluminous was a Whig, inspired by political bias. Poor dear "Mr. Wordy"! Surely this was the unkindest cut of all, to be called, by the Tory hero, "a d—d rascally Frenchman." What the Duke would have said of a recent Imperial attempt to separate the glory of the King's German Legion from that of the British comrades with whom they had fought for seven years we may easily guess.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A County Family

MEMOIRS OF ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING. Edited by her son, Spencer Pickering, F.R.S., together with extracts from the journals of her father, John Spencer Stanhope, F.R.S., describing his travels and imprisonment under Napoleon. With six photogravures. (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.)

THIS autobiography, the writer of which was born in 1824, gives an intimate picture of the life of members of two famous families as they were observed by a lively girl first, then by a wise and tender woman. Mrs. Pickering was the daughter of John Spencer Stanhope and Elizabeth Wilhelmina Coke, whose father, a descendant of the famous Lord Chief Justice (*ob.* 1633), was afterwards Earl of Leicester. The extraordinary manner in which the two families, by dint of double and triple marriages, were

mixed up, is illustrated by a passage from the *Memoirs*, which we quote:—

I remember that one day at Holkham, Lord Huntingtower, who had just arrived, was sitting by me, and said: "I suppose you are a relation, and can tell me all about these people: I wish you would, for I do not know any of them." "Oh, yes," I said, "with pleasure; I can tell you who they all are. That is my mother, and that is her brother, setting next to her" (pointing to Edward Coke, who looked like her son); "that" (pointing to Wenny, then a little boy) "is uncle to the old gentleman sitting near them (Lord Rosebery); that is Lady Rosebery, and she is niece to my mother" (being just the same age as she was); "and that is my father, sitting next to his mother-in-law" (who was much younger than he was); and so I rattled on through the whole party, which sounded far more extraordinary than any description here can give the slightest notion of. I burst out laughing, and said, "Now I have told you who all the people are, and how they are related to each other; and I think you will consider us a very extraordinary family."

The bright, discursive pages are full of yarns and snapshots. One slips happily from leaf to leaf, not always clear as to whom precisely one is reading about, but aware of the atmosphere of a county family of a hundred years ago, in which all the men were brave and all the women more or less charming, and for the most part not yet hideously dressed. One is in touch with the men and events of the day. Lord Brougham bustles up (Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, and Lord Chesterfield in one post-chaise), bound on the voyage of discovery that created Cannes. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, is hastily apostrophised as "Butter in a lordly dish." A Yorkshire yokel boasts that his fifty years of married life had passed without a jar, and his old helpmate comments: "Varie conscientious but varie dool." Lord Melbourne stops a maid of honour running away from Buckingham Palace with "We are not going to have a revolution on your account." Sydney Smith, from the pulpit of St. Paul's, claims the attention of Archibald, a member of the family, with a sneeze: "Ar-chie, Ar-chie, Ar-chie." You see Keane and Macready as Richard III.; "the joyous Chantrey" in his studio; the Emperor Francis Joseph a promising and prophetic young man; Prince Albert a collegian, King Christian of Denmark before he was married, and General Bonaparte on St. Helena; the last of the Yorkshire bone-setters bone-setting; and London learning the polka. Stories of animals you have by the score, and stories of famine riots and of election amenities.

Nearly one-third of this large volume is taken up with portions of the journal of Mrs. Pickering's father, John Spencer Stanhope, written during the time that he was travelling in Spain or a prisoner of the French. He wrote with an excellent style, so that it is easy to see from whom his daughter derived her ready pen, as she had in her childhood learned from him to manage a horse.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE (CHEYNE WALK LIFE). By the late Henry Treffry Dunn. Edited and annotated by Gale Pedrick. With a Prefatory Note by William Michael Rossetti. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is no small testimony to the genuine significance of Dante Rossetti and the members of his immediate circle in the history of art and literature, that even the slight reminiscences here offered us should be acceptable as garnish to the substantial dish provided by their biographer-general, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. This is clearly Mr. Rossetti's own opinion, since he has been at the pains to revise Mr. Dunn's posthumous text, and correct his frequent mistakes. These are not of a nature to affect Mr. Dunn's general credibility, being for the most part easily explained by the interval of time he had suffered to elapse before noting down his recollections, and by the relation of many of them to matters upon which he could have been but

imperfectly informed. The most serious is his placing the date of his acquaintance with Rossetti four years too early, in 1863 instead of 1867. He seems to have become a member of Rossetti's household not very long afterwards, combining in a measure the functions of "art assistant," as Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his edition of his brother's family correspondence styles him, and of major-domo, and to have been always regarded as a faithful and reliable friend and factotum, remaining with Rossetti until 1881. Of the greater part of this period, however, he tells us hardly anything, either having left his reminiscences incomplete or not caring to dwell upon the gloomy history of the bodily and mental infirmities of Rossetti's latter years. He is chiefly occupied with the brighter incidents of his early acquaintance with the poet-painter; and if some of his anecdotes are trivial and diffusely narrated, they have at all events a Rossettian aroma, and tend to confirm the impression already conveyed from other quarters of the power and geniality of Rossetti's character, no less than of its excrescences and eccentricities. A more unmixed example of the artistic temperament has hardly ever been exhibited to the world. Mr. Dunn died in 1899, and apparently did not conceive the idea of writing his reminiscences until their vividness had become impaired by lapse of time. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's testimony that they convey "a very fair notion" of his brother should nevertheless ensure them a welcome, while if he be correct in believing that Mr. Dunn "saw as much of Dante Rossetti as any other person whatsoever did," Mr. Dunn can hardly be considered to have made the most of his opportunities.

R. GARNETT.

AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD: POEMS AND BALLADS. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Alexander Moring, The De La More Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

MRS. SHORTER (best known by her maiden name of Miss Dora Sigerson) has always been a deft weaver of ballads; with something, at her best, of that strange Celtic note of retrospective melancholy. But in this volume her ballads seem often to touch a deeper and more poignant feeling. So it is, for example, with the ballad called "Sweet Marie." It has a note of tragic sadness, which goes very near to the springs of tears. In common with all the poems in this book it is tinged with an extreme pessimism; but unlike many pessimistic poems, these are not merely wailing and weak. Yet, like all good ballads, they do not lend themselves to quotation. The execution is simple, direct and adequate; it has, moreover, the rare quality of suggestiveness in the best passages, which even the old ballads only attain now and again, and as it were by accident. But each stanza is linked to and dependent on each other; so that apart they fail of effect. Even the most suggestive stanzas would seem pale and ineffectual, torn from their context. Better praise than this we could not give these ballads.

But the very finest of all are the opening poems; all of which are based on the common theme of the child. Or rather, perhaps, we should say on the common theme of maternity. With this theme a new inspiration and a new power seems to have come to Mrs. Shorter. Yet, even in treating of childhood, the vein of pessimism remains persistent in her. All these child-poems are sad to the core. But they have a sincere and penetrating poignancy—they are unmistakable poetry. The unconsciousness of the child, contrasted with the sorrow of its earthly lot—this is a familiar theme, yet Mrs. Shorter handles it with unfamiliar freshness and power. And she adds thereto a new theme—the irresponsiveness of the child contrasted with the mother's jealous yearning for affection. That is the theme of the opening poem; it is new and true, and it impresses. Altogether, this volume extends our idea of Mrs. Shorter's power.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SONGS OF THE VINE. Selected and edited by William G. Hutchison. (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE are not so sure as Mr. Hutchison declares himself to be that no apology need be made for a collection of drinking songs—without music. As he himself puts it, "assuredly the drinking song must have a chorus," so wherein lies the worth of an anthology of songs of the vine and the hop unaccompanied by music? But in fairness it must be granted that this objection applies equally to any collection of songs, save that perhaps a love lyric carries its melody with it, whereas however singable a drinking song may be it is but dry bones when unsung.

The editor has provided a very pretty introduction to his book, wherein he discusses sagely and seriously such solemn subjects as fish dinners, the inspiration of wine, taverns, sack, beer, and many another matter of import. Of his pleasant gossip we may give an example: "Rabbinical legend tells us that—

When Noah first planted the Vine
The Devil contrived to be there,

as he usually does contrive to be present on historical occasions; and when the patriarch poured the blood of a white lamb without spot on the delicate root, Satan followed by drenching the young plant with that of a lion, an ape, and a hog; the natural result being that, while moderation in the cup promotes only the innocent gaiety of the lamb, deeper draughts bring the lion, ape, and hog to light." Which explains many things.

The selection of songs is, on the whole, admirable, but as the selector admits there is no pleasing everybody, and while there is little if anything we would wish away, there are some we would desire to have had included. It is a grotesque company here gathered together at the Sign of the Vine, most expected, some unlooked for—Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Henry Vaughan, Cowley, Alexander Brome, Samuel Johnson, Burns, Blake, Thackeray, Browning, Henley, who all sing in their own particular way—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

HECTOR BERLIOZ ET LA SOCIÉTÉ DE SON TEMPS. Par Julien Tiersot. (Hachette et Cie.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the flood of reminiscences, biographical and otherwise, which has been published lately in the three principal languages of Europe on the occasion of the centenary of Hector Berlioz, there is a sure welcome for this authoritative work of M. Julien Tiersot. The materials from which the author has drawn his picture of the musician and the folk of his time are thoroughly well known, and accessible to all. We have the two volumes of *Memoirs*, the *Correspondance Inédite*, the *Lettres Intimes*, the *Soirées de l'Orchestre*, à Travers Chants, and the *Grotesques de la Musique*. On the title page of the copy of this last work, now before me, is this inscription: "À mon ami . . . souvenir affectueux H. Berlioz." It is written in pencil, in the clear plain script of the master. M. Tiersot has done his work thoroughly well. He draws the portrait of Berlioz the man, the musician, the lover, the husband, the journalist, and the grumbler—above all the grumbler. For it was in the man's most intimate nature to imagine himself always misunderstood, unappreciated. And to a certain extent this is true, for his posthumous popularity is doubtless due to the desire, after the Franco-Prussian War, of the French nation, to show the world that they too had a national composer who was comparable with the incomparable Richard Wagner. Be that as it may, we have in this book a clear conception of the various forces that moulded the man. Even the date of his birth was ominous. "Sunday the nineteenth day of the month of Frimaire, in the year 12 of the French Republic, at five o'clock in the afternoon," he was born to the citizen Louis Joseph Berlioz, officer of

health, and Marie Antoinette Joséphine Marmion, his wife. His early struggles and disappointments, his marriage with the Irish actress Henrietta Smithson, his passion for Shakespeare, his living on a journalistic pittance, his travels abroad (he only made money out of France), and his thorough and whole-souled hatred of Paris, are all set forth. Berlioz's dislike to Paris was no mere affectation. He dedicated his "*Grotesques de la Musique*" to "mes bons amis les artistes des chœurs de l'opéra de Paris, ville barbare." And yet, on the whole, he was well treated, and had a host of friends, the bare recital of whose names indicates their influence; they included Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Heine, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Balzac, Liszt, Georges Sand, Jules Janin, Chopin, Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Gounod, Wagner. Of Balzac, Berlioz wrote "Paris is to me a cemetery, every paving stone is a grave stone. I find everywhere reminiscences of friends or enemies. I met Balzac there for the last time." Georges Sand wrote of Berlioz: "He is an artist; very good, very poor, and very proud." Heine said of his music: "Berlioz is a colossal nightingale, a lark as big as an eagle, such as may have existed in a primitive world." Some of the sidelights are interesting. In 1840, at the inauguration of the column of July, Berlioz wrote his *Funeral and Triumphal Symphony* for the band of the National Guard, and conducted it himself with a sword instead of a baton. In 1851, he was one of the musical jurors at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. He was in London again in 1855, Wagner was also in town, and Berlioz writes of him: "Wagner is overpowered by the attacks of the whole of the English press. But he remains calm, being assured that he is bound to be the Master of the musical world in fifty years!" A true prophet in very sooth! This new book is a necessary adjunct to the library of every lover of the great musician.

Fiction

THE VINTAGE OF DREAMS. By St. John Lucas. (Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.) Dreams may be fantastic, realistic, or merely pretty, and some of each kind are contained in this volume. The six stories which are gathered together under the title of "*The Vintage of Dreams*" are undoubtedly clever, if a little difficult to classify. Some are charming fairy tales with an undercurrent of real life, but still fairy tales. "Peter's Pilgrimage" is one of the prettiest stories in the volume. Peter journeys in search of the rainbow, for the Doctor tells a fellow-playmate that Peter would be able to run about again like the other children when he found the place where it grew. So Peter sets off for the valley in the White Mountains, and having hopelessly lost his way, meets a young man. "I have lost my way, I think," says Peter apologetically. "It serves you right for having one," said the young man. "Now observe me. All through my life I have wandered where chance led. No map has defiled my pocket. No horologe has ever therein ticked horrid reminder of that absurd barbarism—time. . . . Eliminate time and money and you have the golden age. Eliminate modern humanity and you have nature. Oh!" he cried, "for printed books and tobacco thank civilisation; for everything else, detest it." The rest of the story tells of the happiness he found when he arrived in the valley. There are many good things in the book. The writing is bright and full of humorous touches. Every story is quite distinct and unlike the other five. An odd book but a clever one.

CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS. By Jacob A. Riis. (Macmillan. 6s.) Here we have no record of every-day life in the tenements of New York, no illuminating document of the inside lives of the dwellers in the slums, but merely a handful of sketches, slight and by their very nature somewhat unsatisfactory. In the preface the author says that "the stories" came under his notice in the course of half a century's work as police reporter. Such a man should be able to write a very interesting book of his experience in the tenements. But "*Children of the Tenements*" is not what it might have been, partly because the form of the book is unsuitable to the matter. The author gives us some forty or so "stories," most of which are mere incidents. We should not call a police

court notice in the daily paper a "story," and Mr. Riis' sketches are little more than that. He shows us the dwellers in the tenements as seen through the eyes of the police court. The effect is fragmentary and lacking in purpose. A large proportion of the sketches are of a Christmassy nature, although one hardly expects to find a belief in Santa Claus and Christmas trees among those who lead the hand-to-mouth struggle for existence in the tenements. But it seems it is so. The youngsters of the West Side Boys' Lodging House find to their amazement that the little waif, nicknamed "the kid," has with touching faith hung up his stocking on Christmas Eve. "Santa Claus had never been anything to them but a fake to make the coloured supplements sell." They determine that the kid's faith shall be justified, and putting together all their savings buy such a heap of toys that, as one of the boys says with assumed innocence, "If Santy Claus ain't been here an' forgot his hull kit, I'm blamed."

REMEMBRANCE. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (Long. 6s.) "Remembrance" is a pleasant, refined novel, such as one expects from the pen of Mrs. Lovett Cameron. There is no particular originality or brilliance in her choice of a plot or her style of writing, but then there are no unpleasant details or morbidity of sentiment. The book is very like the heroine, Dora Donne—bright, fresh and easily understandable. Dora, at nineteen, is an unwelcome intruder in her mother's ménage, herself a heartless, smart Society woman. She is despatched with all speed to a lonely country house, where she falls in love with a young man who at that time does not appear very eligible. Naturally things do not run smoothly, or there would be no story to tell. Dora's lover goes to the Colonies to make his fortune, and Dora is urged to accept the hand of a more suitable lover. After a while, however, everything straightens itself, and the poor lover returns from the Colonies "one of the best matches of the year." Several of the characters in "Remembrance" are carefully and brightly delineated, particularly Dora's mother, who is jealous of her own child. The lover, Jerry Essenden, the son of a country shopkeeper is, perhaps, a little vague and unreal. If he were the son of such parents as the writer describes it is hardly probable that aristocratic Dora Donne, whose heart sinks because he appears at dinner in his ordinary Sunday best, would fall so deeply in love with him. But Mrs. Lovett Cameron says it was so, and we accept it.

DENISE DE MONTMIDI. Von Georg Freiherr von Ompteda. (5m.) **DIE SEHNSÜCHTIGEN.** Von Gertrud Franke-Schivelbein. (5m.) **DER GÖTTLICHE.** Von Hermann Dahl. (Berlin: Fleischel. 6m.) Although there is perhaps nothing very striking about this group of novels, each is furnished with a main idea of some interest, and as the scenes of the first and last are laid, not in Germany, but in France and Denmark respectively, they go to prove that the German novelist is becoming less local, a pleasing fact in the eyes of those who abstain from German fiction because it is too parochial. Ompteda in "Denise de Montmidi" tells the story of an unhappy marriage and the consequent degradation of both husband and wife. The characters are all French and of a decadent type. Denise's husband gambles away her dowry at Monte Carlo on the wedding tour, and the pair are forced to live in the country on a small neglected estate owned by the husband. As a study of characterless, irresponsible, entirely selfish human beings, it is extremely clever, and unhappily very true to life. Denise had in her the making of better things, but she was not strong enough to overcome the circumstances in which she found herself placed. "Die Sehnsüchtigen" treats of the longings and struggles of men and women after a more perfect way of life. The heroine, Countess Faustine, goes in search of happiness and on her way meets with many persons who think that they have found it. The physician's idea of it is that all people should be healthy, content and sober; the artist's is that the beautiful appearance of things brings to his soul forgetfulness of the realities of things; the materialist looks on man as "condemned to life," and seeks to alleviate as far as he can the hard lot of his fellows and desires to be freed from life, to sink into nothing. In the end Faustine finds her salvation in a belief in Christianity, and marries an enthusiastic Protestant pastor. "Der Göttliche" is a far more important achievement. It is a powerful piece of work, evidently the outcome of deep thought, and of profound knowledge of the religious struggles of the day. It deals, too, with the old, yet ever new, problem, the struggle of the flesh and the spirit. The hero, a Danish evangelical clergyman, working in Copenhagen, strives to return to the earlier forms of Christianity based on Socialism, and to bring about a political alliance between the Church and the Social Democrats. He only succeeds in alienating both parties, and so founds a new one, and becomes the apostle of a new religion. But he is neither a fanatic, an ascetic, nor a saint, and is not strong enough to overcome his evil passions and impulses. He founders, dying by his own hand, yet it seems the fruits of his work will not be wholly lost. It is a moving story, well told with fitting seriousness, and must

appeal to all who have sympathy with living humanity and its efforts towards better things.

LOVE THE FIDDLER. By Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann. 6s.) Lloyd Osbourne may be remembered as the author of a volume of short stories, "The Queen versus Billy," favourably reviewed in these columns not so very long ago. And the present volume has the same dash and originality, the same American accent which one then learnt to associate with his work. He has worked in the school of Stevenson and with Stevenson, and he imparts to his characters a humanity rather uncommon in short stories, for the writing of short stories does not come natural this side of the channel; and the productions usually so classified flavour of the cheaper magazines. "Love the Fiddler" is a generic title covering sixteen stories—love stories, of course, where every Jack has his Jill. American Jills, for choice, with the charming sangfroid and forty-guinea gown recklessness born of Dana Gibson's art. There is not much to choose between the several refrains: the "fiddling" and the "love" business reach a high standard. On every page, the reader makes acquaintance with brilliant talkers, and will learn that it is possible to be amusing even when in love. Heroes and heroines, or Jacks and Jills, speak in epigrams which deserve the immortality of the gramophone at least. "It's awfully exciting, seeing you again," she went on, "you came within an ace of being my husband. I might have belonged to you and counted your washing. It's queer, isn't it?" "Frenches first" is a trifle hard on British susceptibilities, but the end is sweetly idyllic. The author has a distinct penchant for the unobtrusive heroism of good-looking engineers and those who served on the *Dixie*, a historic ship in the Spanish American War. The volume is full of good things.

THE TRACKLESS WAY. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Brimley Johnson. 6s.) We think that Ruskin would not have been displeased to see the imprint of George Allen on the title page of this book, which has, we believe, the distinction of being the most notable novel as yet issued by Mr. Brimley Johnson. It is the story of the release of an Ulster Presbyterian from the thraldom of sect. He is a minister, and has to endure arraignment and expulsion as the price of his declaration of independence. The proceedings of Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, which follow a charge of heresy, are dramatically described, and the drawing of McGregor, an unctious but kindhearted Presbyterian minister who lamely defends the hero, is a little masterpiece. Less successful is the portrait of the hero's wife, whose inconsiderate truancy extinguishes his love for her and scandalises his flock. She has a spirituality which does not chime with the conduct ascribed to her, and the episode of a MS which she produces under her husband's name, though it is really by his friend, is unconvincing. But a slight odour of the manufactory does not alter the fact that "The Trackless Way" is a novel worth reading and re-reading. It is not necessary to agree with it in detail to recognise the acuteness and justice of its criticism of Christianity as represented by an unlovely and illiberal formalism. Its sagacity, which allows the usefulness of tact even in a process of self-liberation, is worth the more as the author imagines for her impetuous heretic an experience which only falls short of a theophany. In another edition, by the way, Mrs. Esler should make up her mind as to the period of the story. At present it veers oddly from Edwardian to Victorian.

SIX-BOOTS. By John Strange Winter. (Long. 6s.) Here we have a collection of short stories, although no such indication is given on the cover or title-page. There is little to say about it, except that it is in the authoress' usual style. Most of the stories are laid in the cathedral city of Idlemminster, where we meet the usual self-satisfied pompous Bishop, the frisky Sultern, and the amiable, nice-looking Captain, all according to John Strange Winter.

HOW HARTMAN WON. By Eric Bohn. (Marshall. 3s. 6d.) The scenes in this book are laid in Old Ontario, and the principal characters are engaged in the lumbering trade. The Thorntons keep a large store in the little village of Linbrook, from which they are early in the book ousted by an embezzling clerk, whose knavery is not for some time suspected. Such chapter headings as "The Sugar Carnival," "Quilling Bee, No. 2," "A Night Drive into a Snowdrift" and "The Grasshopper Storm," indicate the nature of the story.

L'APPRENTISSAGE DE VALÉRIE. Par J. M. Mermin. (Genève: Ch. Eggimann et Cie. Paris: Paul Paclot et Cie.) The most unpretentious of little tales. Valérie's mamma is ordered to the Vosges for a couple of months for her health, and Valérie, a not quite grown-up girl, has to do the housekeeping for her father and schoolboy brother. As she has only been taught to play the piano, to paint, and to embroider, she naturally makes a terrible mess of it. Incidentally, a charming insight into the quaint simplicity of French bourgeois life and the excellent economies of the ménage.

Short Notices

Poetry

THE POEMS OF CHARLES WOLFE. With Introductory Memoir by C. Litton Falkner. (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net.) POEMS BY CHARLES COTTON. Chosen and Edited by J. R. Tutin. (Published by the Editor, Cottingham, near Hull. 2s. net.) And others. This couple of reprints we may group together. The first slender volume contains the remaining poems of the Irish clergyman who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore." They do not call for many words. It is one of those curious, but far from infrequent cases, where a man, apparently without poetic genius, suddenly, in the stress of a single and unrecurrent emotion, flames into one immortal song; and for the rest of his life smoulders on after his former dull fashion. He never repeats the triumph; and the wonder comes, not that he never repeats it, but that he ever achieved it. The other verses here reprinted are exceeding few; but, few as they are, they are all superfluous. The longer set poems are of the semi-rhetoric cast, in which the newer romantic mood struggles dully with the Pope tradition; the lyrics have the sentimentally romantic tinge of the Byron-Moore era. All are purely of their day, and all are feebly of their day. They did not merit reprint. The "Sir John Moore" is absolutely apart and unique: it looks merely miraculous beside the rest of the stuff. It is otherwise with the selection from Cotton. We cannot agree with Mr. Tutin's admiration of him. He had the advantage of being born in a rich age, when poetry was abroad and infected even those meaner wits, who would have showed poorly enough in a poorer day. But he has, it seems to us, small native gift. The angling poems are fresh and sincere, they catch many of the charming turns of expression peculiar to the verse of Cotton's century. But they lack, after all, the central substance and force of poetry. The amatory verse, in which he is more guided by model, again pleases by recalling the common dexterity of the seventeenth century; it is ingenious and has a measure of fancy; but the inward beauty, the inexpressible something which makes the verse of the Cavalier lyrists authentic poetry—that fascination is lacking. The poems read hard by comparison. Nor have they the perfect deftness of execution which does not fail in his fellows. We are glad to have the book; but we cannot rank it high as poetry. Of the four or five books of verse before us we may say the same thing; and it might be said of most such books nowadays before one opens them. It would seldom prove false. They are derivative. They echo a prevalent fashion, or fashions, in verse. Robert Loveman's "Gates of Silence" (Knickerbocker Press, New York) is excellently finished in metre and diction, it is adorned with a fanciful and coloured imagery. All it wants is originality. The imagery is not original, the style is not original. Dr. C. W. Stubbs' "Castles in the Air" (J. M. Dent, 3s. 6d. net) has pleasant little lyrics, carols and so forth in the approved imitation-mediaeval style and grace generally. It has not innate power. Lady Lindsay's "From a Venetian Balcony" (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net) contains the most various poems, all with that external accomplishment and that poetic feeling we have learned to associate with Lady Lindsay; while the volume is enhanced in value by pen-sketches from Miss Clara Montalba. It has not strength of inspiration; nor any poem having the charm which occasional poems of this lady's have had. Mr. R. C. Ensor's "Modern Poems" (R. Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d. net) are different. They possess a good deal of sincerity in the enforcement of democratic ideals; but, unlike the others, they fail by a too rough and uncultivated expression. Mr. H. H. Chamberlin's "Age of Ivory" (R. G. Badger, Boston, U.S.A.) stands by itself. It is devoted to the lives and loves of elephants, and seeks humour by contrast between the subject-matter and the most elaborate—even exaggeratedly elaborate—poetic style of treatment and diction. The jest, to our mind, is rather thin. But with these two exceptions, all these books have every element of poetry save that personal, vital, and unique force which is poetry itself. And though the authors and the subjects are so varied, one rises from them with a tired impression of sameness.

THE SEVEN GOLDEN ODES OF PAGAN ARABIA, KNOWN ALSO AS THE MOALLAKAT. Translated from the Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into English Verse by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (The Chiswick Press. 5s. net.) We owe thanks to Mr. Blunt and Lady Anne Blunt for giving us these odes. They are, as he explains, remains of the primitive Arabic verse which the Moslems call the "Poetry of the Ignorance"—meaning thereby that it was before the regenerating light of Islamism. Bards somewhat like the noble *trouvères* of the middle ages, they roamed abroad on their camels—the war-horse of the desert—fighting, raiding, seeking adventure; and as their fame grew were gladly welcomed in the tents of

sheikhs and the courts of princes, where they sang their songs of love and enterprise. The lives of many of them were as reckless and licentious as those of the old *trouvères* to whom we have likened them. For Mr Blunt tells us, and to any reader of these poems it needs no telling, that the Arabs of the Ignorance, like their descendants of the present day, were "rank materialists," believing in nothing but a shadowy theism, and fearless of aught here or hereafter. They were fighters and pleasure-seekers pure and simple. They were children of the Night; sleeping all day, and roaming or drinking and singing round their camp-fires under the stars. These poems of theirs are unlike that cultivated Eastern poetry we know. They are free, wild songs of love and adventure, with a primitive strength and spaciousness about them. Mr. Blunt truly says that they remind us of the Biblical lyrics without the piety. Not once or twice only will the reader think of the Song of Solomon. In the imagery, especially, one perceives this parallel. Very beautiful, often singularly original, and sometimes strange to the Western mind, is this imagery; and beautiful is the poetry as a whole. Mr. Blunt has rendered it into verse with power, and the trained touch of a poet. But the unusual rhymeless lyric metre which he uses is often rather harsh and heavy in the handling. This, however, is the only fault we have to find with an exceedingly interesting translation.

A VERSATILE PROFESSOR. Edited by G. Cecil White. (Brimley Johnson. 5s. net.) The versatile professor was the Reverend Edward Nares, who at Oxford lectured on modern history early in last century. Mr. White, in the preface, says that "the title prefixed to these reminiscences does not more indicate the person with whom they are mainly concerned, than a characteristic of the work itself." What that means is not clear. Nor does one, having read the volume, find any sanction for the assertion that, "turning now and again from grave to gay, it treats of the social as well as the scholastic life in which its subject moved." To speak plainly, it does nothing of the kind. Mr. Nares was the author of a novel called "Thinks I to Myself," which had a popular success. Judged by the excerpts now presented, it was a work informed by good feeling and no genius: platitudinarian. Mr. Nares's lectures do not seem to have been important: one gathers, indeed, that only a very few men attended them. His warrant included the teaching of Political Economy, of which he was wholly ignorant until, on going to Oxford, he read books on the subject. Why was this volume published? An answer is suggested by the fact, mentioned on the title-page, that Mr. White was "sometime domestic chaplain to John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, K.G." Mr. Nares was a son-in-law of a Duke of Marlborough: perhaps a biography of him was desirable in order to keep complete the family records at Blenheim. As far as it goes, that was a sufficient consideration; but it does not go far enough. It justifies the production of a volume for private circulation; but it does not justify submitting the volume as a serious contribution to public literature. In a biography offered for review one naturally expects to find something entertaining, or suggestive, or important: and so one patiently reads on, until the very last page: only, in this case, to find after hours of attention, that Mr. Nares was a person of not the slightest historical importance, and to feel that Mr. White's elaborate account of the boy Nares's shyness, interest in heraldry, and so forth, was nothing less than a taking advantage of the respect which one pays to any book published with an honourable imprint. It is not pleasant to write in this strain; but to write in any strain more agreeable to those responsible for the issue of "A Versatile Professor" would be almost a breach of trust. It would, in as far as it encouraged our readers to buy works like this, result in their looking askant at biographical works as a whole.

THE BOOK OF HERBS. By Lady Rosalind Northcote. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net) To the right-thinking gardener, be his acreage small or large, a herb-garden is as necessary, as poetical, and as practical an adjunct as his sundial or his onion beds. And yet such is the callousness of the average gardener that he ignores, not wilfully perhaps, but through sheer forgetfulness, the manifold legend, romance and poetry connected with herb-culture. To such, no less than to those who are alive to its charm, this book of Lady Rosalind Northcote will come as a veritable godsend. The mass of ancient lore anent herbs, their cultivation, their properties, and their classification is immense, but with rare discrimination the authoress has made up a book full of sweet suggestion, quaint quotation, and useful advice. It could assuredly not be better done. We are re-introduced to such old-world authorities as Culpepper, John Evelyn, Tusser, Gerard, and Turner, and the fragrance of their sage counsel renders every page of the little book redolent of the sweet service which herbs have done, and may yet do, to mankind. They used to be of the

very essence of true gardening, and played a most important part, not only as a flavouring to practically every dish, but also in the toilet, and in the family medicine-cupboard. Although their purely medical purposes may to a certain extent be disregarded nowadays, yet the use of pure garden herbs as toilet accessories cannot be too much encouraged: there is a clean and healthy simplicity about them, unapproached by any decoction of the laboratory. In how many country houses does the cult of the still-room survive? This book serves a practical as well as a sentimental purpose, and no garden lover can afford to be without it. There are some delightful photographs of growing herbs, and an excellent and useful index.

FATIGUE. By A. Mosso. Translated by Margaret and W. B. Drummond. (Swan Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.) Professor Mosso, the distinguished physiologist of the University of Turin, is to be congratulated on finding, in the Scottish capital, two excellent translators of this most important and valuable little book. The new psychology—based upon physiology—is making rapid strides everywhere. It is indeed difficult to remember that it owes its birth to the comparatively recent work of Spencer, whose conception of the evolution of reflex action into the complex phenomena of volition is its logical starting-point. English readers are already acquainted with Professor Mosso's work on Fear, but on the subject of the present volume he is the acknowledged master. To any who have come to regard education as a science, and a science to be applied to us all every day—for the "perfectly educated" person never was, or will be—several chapters in this book are of the first importance. Perhaps most interesting of all are the chapters on attention and intellectual fatigue. In these days of an intellectual pressure without any parallel in the past, their subject matter is second to none in the need of being treated in scientific fashion. This Professor Mosso has done, and Dr. Drummond has preserved for us all the lucidity of the original, whilst retaining sufficient "style" to avoid offending the literary sense.

SOME LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR. By Colonel T. D. Pilcher, C.B. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.) Colonel Pilcher was one of the most indefatigable and generally successful leaders of mounted men in the long man-hunt that occupied the latter half of the Boer War. Anything he has to say comes with the weight of experience and of the experience of one who never came to grief seriously, and deserved more success than he won. There is nothing very new in the precepts of Colonel Pilcher as to warfare generally. The provision of a plan for each likely set of circumstances, and the readiness to shift to a more promising plan at once, has been the essential of a good general in all ages. Napoleon's decline and fall was not due so much to any loss of vigour or skill, but chiefly to the arrogant temper that assumed that matters would fall out as the Emperor desired or anticipated. The rule "always keep a reserve" was the foundation of the tactics by which the Romans conquered the world. Colonel Pilcher acknowledges this, but states, as is only too true, that the fundamental doctrines of military science need to be reasserted even now. Like nearly all good generals, Colonel Pilcher pronounces for attacking. Very interesting is his method of "galloping" the Boer positions. Here is a "wrinkle" that might well be remembered by our officers in fighting any enemy, and that would not, perhaps, occur to a man without experience of actual war: "It must always be borne in mind that an enemy expecting to be attacked from his front, and behind cover constructed for that purpose, can shoot more effectively to his left than to his right, for in order to shoot to his right he will usually have to expose a great deal more of his body, unless, indeed, he shoots from his left shoulder." Might not marksmen be taught to shoot from either shoulder? Equally practical is the advice on posting pickets, on mounting the captains of companies, and on training soldiers to shoot. Some of our philanthropists will shriek at Colonel Pilcher's unhesitating decision that a man who sleeps on sentry should be shot. But really, a man who commits this offence, which is almost the most dangerous to his own army, short of actual treachery, that can be imagined, has incurred little or no moral guilt, and does not deserve any degrading punishment. He is to be shot, Colonel Pilcher declares, to encourage others to stay awake; and nothing less than the dread of death will sometimes help a tired man to keep his eyes open. The other practical bits of advice in the little book are as sensible, couched in a plain homely style that makes no pretence to literary effort, but fulfils its purpose of conveying a clear meaning in clear words. No practical soldier ought to be without Colonel Pilcher's work. If it does not give him the directions applicable for any particular case, it will set him thinking on the right lines.

OSSIAN'S LEBENSANHAUUNG. Von Dr. H. Jellinghaus. (Tübingen and Leipzig: Mohr. 1m. 50.) No one has seriously questioned the conclusions regarding Macpherson's "Ossian," arrived at by the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland in 1797. Dr. Jellinghaus lightly dismisses the controversy, and attributes to the

Ossianic poems the greatest influence on English poetry, and especially on the poets Goldsmith, Byron, Burns, and Scott. The influence on Byron is certainly well established, but we cannot altogether take the view of the German critic with regard to the other names. This is not, however, the place to discuss the matter. In Germany, Klopstock, Herder, and Goethe—it will be remembered that Ossian drove Homer from Werther's heart—were to some extent influenced by Ossian's outlook on life and on external nature. French authors, too—Chateaubriand especially—owe something to Ossian. Dr. Jellinghaus endeavours, and with some measure of success, to demonstrate by means of ample quotation in a German translation, what was Ossian's outlook on such things as religion, morals, evil, external nature, and love. He concludes with brief reflections on Ossian's melancholy—"the ecstasy of melancholy," as Goethe called it—and on his personality. The criticism taken as a whole is not very illuminating, and better may easily be found in many English essays on the subject. Dr. Jellinghaus scarcely recognises that Macpherson's work was more the outcome of the time than of the man. A liking for the less familiar aspects of external nature, for wilder scenery than is offered by trim gardens and daisied fields is to be found in poets writing before 1762. The verse of Parnell (d. 1718) and Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea (d. 1720), testifies to a love of country life, of moonlight nights and shady woods, while the Welsh poet, Dyer (d. 1758), had an eye for fine landscape in its wilder aspects. He rejoiced in the wide prospects to be seen from "windy summits" and found beauty in "naked rocks."

A GRAMMAR OF THE DIALECT OF ADLINGTON (LANCASHIRE). By Alexander Hargreaves. (Anglistische Forschungen. Herausgegeben von Dr. Johannes Hoops. Heft. 13. Heidelberg: Winter. 3 m.) We have here an attempt to construct a dialect grammar on a sound scientific plan, the general scheme being modelled on Professor Wright's "Grammar of the Windhill Dialect." Adlington is a mining and manufacturing village of about 5,000 inhabitants in the hundred of Leyland. The dialect is rather mixed, a fact due to the migratory habits of the people, who do not, however, move far away, and the newcomers do not come from any great distance. The book, like most of the others in the series, is entirely technical, and appeals solely to serious students of philology.

ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES DE ALFRED DE VIGNY. POÉSIES. Édition Définitive. (Delagrave.) Some one maliciously said that Alfred de Vigny considered that French literature began with him. Catulle Mendès, the latest critic of nineteenth century French literature, says that it was continued by De Vigny nobly and magnificently. De Vigny certainly claimed "d'avois devancé en France toutes celles de ce genre dans lesquelles une pensée philosophique est mise en scène, sous une forme épique ou dramatique," and he undoubtedly created the taste for philosophical poetry in France. This volume contains all the poems that the author deemed worthy of preservation. He belonged to the young romantic school, and his work is distinguished by absolute sincerity, by proportion and taste. "L'art est la vérité choisie" was his motto. Among the mystical poems we prefer the "Moïse" with its haunting lines, lines that recur, and that echo a profound truth:—

"O Seigneur! j'ai vécu puissant et solitaire,
Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre!"

The "Éloa" is, of course, exquisite as a piece of mystic fantasy, but it makes slight appeal, we think, to human feeling. "Dolorida," which introduces the "Livre Moderne," is a highly dramatic poem and less known than it deserves. De Vigny was too vigorous a thinker perhaps to be a great poet. His novel, "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," and his drama "Chatterton," will secure him an everlasting place among French literary artists. His idealism is best expressed in the phrase "la parfaite illusion est la réalité parfaite." He married an Englishwoman, Lydia Bunbury, and French critics see in his work the influence of English taste. His version of "Othello," prepared for the Comédie Française in 1829, is of great excellence.

MÉLANGES DE LITTÉRATURE ET D'HISTOIRE. Par A. Gazier. (Colin. 4frs.) The seventeenth century attracts the French literary essayist as by a powerful magnet. It is the great age of French letters, many of its problems are still to solve, and modern seekers after truth, engaged in patient research among unpublished documents of the period, may still happen upon material of importance. Hence no student of literature, nor anyone generally, interested in French seventeenth century authors and their lives and works can afford to neglect books like this of M. Gazier. He treats such subjects as Molière and the literary history of "Tartuffe," over which French critics are so divided; the supposed love affairs of Pascal; Racine and Port Royal. He in no way aims at criticising those great men anew, he seeks rather to

give fresh explanations, and to elucidate hitherto obscure points. For instance, in the Molière essay he brings into clearer light the dramatist's relations with the Prince de Conti, and so helps towards the solution of a problem hitherto deemed insoluble. The most attractive pages of the book to us are those on "The Solitary of the Rocks," the great lady whose identity is not known for certain, and who, in the seventeenth century, elected to lead a hermit's life in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Her history is romantic to the last degree, from the moment when through a subterfuge she got rid of her attendants (she was fifteen years of age), changed clothes with a beggar woman in the Champs Elysées, then "une espèce de forêt," and after various adventures, set up her dwelling in a cave of the rocks, until her death which took place about 1700 probably at Trenta in Italy. We should know nothing of the life of this remarkable mystic who seems to have naively confused the seventeenth century with the fourth, and the south of France with the south of Egypt, but for a more or less regular correspondence carried on between her and her "director," the Père Luc de Bray, Curé of Châteaufort, a village about eight miles from Versailles. He carefully preserved her letters as well as notes of his replies. When he lay dying his intimate friends who knew of the correspondence, took the letters and had them copied, restoring the originals to their place in case the dying man should ask for them. Later the original letters were destroyed by fire. The copies, however, had multiplied—Louis XVI's aunts possessed one—and it is from one of them that M. Gazier has been enabled to write this account of a most extraordinary woman. She subsisted chiefly on nuts and roots, never ate more than once a day, and often only two or three times a week; five hours' sleep was the most she allowed herself, and for seven years she never had either fire or light. Yet she scarcely knew what illness meant, and often walked 80 or 90 miles to attend mass or receive absolution. Her intellect was clear, and despite occasional mystical ravings and certain excesses common to all religious enthusiasts, kept in check by the good sense of her "director," the letters are sane and reasonable, and betray a feeling for nature rare at that period. We could easily enlarge on the details of so strange an existence, but space forbids, and for more we must refer our readers to M. Gazier's deeply interesting essay.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Garner (Col. J.), *The Worship of the Dead, or The Origin and Nature of Pagan Idolatry*, etc. (Chapman and Hall) net 12/6
 Clifford (John), *The Secret of Jesus: Sermons* (Brown, Langham) 3/6
 Bennett, D.D. (Rev. W. H.), *Joshua and the Conquest of Palestine* (Dent) net 0/9
 Sayce, D.D. (Professor A. H.), *Joseph and the Land of Egypt* () net 0/9
 Drury, B.D. (T. W.), *Confession and Absolution: The Teaching of the Church of England, as interpreted and illustrated by the Writings of the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century* (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Carr, M.A. (Arthur), *Home Bible: Short Studies in the Old and New Testaments* (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Archibald (George Hamilton), *Bible Lessons for Little Beginners* (Melrose) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Spier (Kaufmann C.), *Guido and Veronica and Other Poems* (Nutt) 2/0
 Weston (Jessie L.), translated by Sir Gawain at the Grail Castle .. (Nutt) net 3/0
 The Divine Vision and Other Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan) net 4/6
 Hardy (Thomas), *The Dynasts, A Drama* () net 5/0
 Lowe (David), *Burns's Passionate Pilgrimage, or Tait's Indictment of the Poet* (Wilson) net 5/0
 Allan, M.P. (Sir William), *Songs of Love and Labour* (Brown, Langham) 6/0
 Lomax (Montagu), *Frontes Jaducae* (Glaisher) net 3/6
 Moore, D.D. (Edward), *Studies in Dante, Third Series: Miscellaneous Essays* (Clarendon Press) net 10/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Halford (Frederic M.), *An Angler's Autobiography* (Vinton) net 21/0
 Johnson (Walter) and Wright (William), *Neolithic Man in North-East Surrey, with a Chapter on Flint*, by B. C. Polkinghorne. (Stock) net 6/0
 Acton, L.L.D. (The late Lord) (planned by), *The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. II. The Reformation* (edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A.) (Cambridge) net 16/0
 Henderson (T. F.), *The Life of Robert Burns* (Methuen) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Harper (Charles G.), *The Ingolshby Country: Literary Landmarks of the "Ingolshby Legends"* (Black) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Trois Récits de Froissart, modernised by Marguerite Ninet, with French Notes by F. B. Kirkman (Black) 0/6
 Lucas, C.B. (C. P.), revised by H. E. Egerton, M.A., *Geography of South and East Africa* (Oxford) 3/6
 Tennysen (Lord), *The Cup*, with notes by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. (Macmillan) 2/6
 Barnard, M.A. (S.), and Child, B.A. (J. M.), *A New Geometry for Junior Forms* (Macmillan) 2/6

ART

- Great Masters, Part VI. (Heinemann) net 5/0
 Sime (John), *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (Methuen) net 2/6

ART—continued.

- A Little Gallery of Reynolds (Methuen) net 2/4
 Walters (H. B.), *Greek Art* () net 2/6
 Dimier (L.), *French Painting in the sixteenth Century*, translated by Harold Child (Duckworth) net 7/6
 Meyer (Alfred Gotthold), translated by P. G. Konody, *Monographs on Artists: Donatello* (Greville) net 4/0
 The Artist Engraver: A Quarterly Magazine of Original Work (Macmillan) net 7/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- U.S. Geological Survey, Monographs XLIV.: *Pseudoceratites of the Cretaceous*, by Alpheus Hyatt; Monographs XLV.: *The Vermilion Iron-Bearing District of Minnesota with an Atlas*, by J. Morgan Clements (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for the Year ending June 1902 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Contributions to Economic Geology, 1902 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Catalogue and Index of the Publications of the United States Geological Survey, 1901 to 1903 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
 Scouler (J.), *The Law of Evolution: Its True Philosophical Basis* (Richards) net 3/5
 Crandall M.D. (Floyd M.), *How to Keep Well: An Explanation of Modern Methods of Preventing Disease* (Richards) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Sharp, F.R.S., F.Z.S. (David), edited by, *The Zoological Record, being Records of Zoological Literature*, Vol. 39. (Zoological Society)
 Smith (F. K.), edited by, *Toryism: Illustrated by Extracts from Representative Speeches and Writings* (Harper) net 3/6
 "Indica," *Labour and Other Questions in South Africa* (Unwin) 3/6
 Annual Report of the American Journal of Archaeology, Second Series (Norwood Press, Mass.)
 Elkind, M.D. (Louis), *The German Emperor's Speeches* (Longmans) net 12/6
 Earle (Alice Morse), *Two Centuries of Costume in America*, 2 vols. (Macmillan) net 21/0
 Clarke, F.R.S. (C. B.), *On Free Trade* (Macmillan) 0/6
 The Imperial Guide to India. (Simpkin, Marshall) net 6/0
 The Englishwoman's Year-Book (Black) net 2/6
 Mudie's Select Library, Catalogue, 1904. (Mudie's Library) 1/6
 Miltoon (Francis), edited by, *Ships and Shipping: A Handbook of Popular Nautical Information* (Marine) net 5/0
 Garnett (Richard) and Gosse (Edmund), *English Literature (in four volumes), Vols. II. and IV.* (Heinemann) each, net 16/0
 Bérard (Victor) *Pro Macedonia* (Paris: Colin) 2 frs.
 Matthey (Tobias), *The Act of Touch: Pianoforte Tone-Production* (Longmans) 7/6
 "Zara," *Self-Help for Ye Poor Clergy* (Stock) net 2/6
 Willing's Press Guide, 1904. (Willing)

FICTION

- "The Mis-Rule of Three," by Florence Warden (Unwin), 6/0; "Peelah, or The Bewitched Maiden of Nepal," by Ernest Manfred (Sonnenchein), 6/0; "The Three Musketeers," by A. Dumas, newly translated by A. Allinson, with Introduction by Andrew Lang (Methuen), 2/6; "The Iron Hand," by James MacLaren Cobban (Long), 6/0; "Toy-Gods," by Percival Pickering (Long), 6/0; "Delphine," by Curtis Yorke (Long), 6/0; "Over Stony Ways: A Romance of Tennyson-Land," by Emily M. Bryant (Jarrold), 6/0; "Rose Stewart's Love Story: A Romance of Culloden," by Eatherine Mackay (Mackay), 2/6; "John Blanksett's Business," by Joseph Clayton (Brown, Langham), 6/0; "The French Master," by Alfred Wilson Barrett, (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Sword of Damocles," by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Through Sorrow's Gates," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Unwin), 6/0; "A Heart's Triumph," by E. A. Howlands (Henderson), 0/3; "Tracked by Fate," by Maurice Scott (Henderson), 0/3.

JUVENILE

- "The Swiss Family Robinson," in Words of One Syllable (Cassell), 0/6.

NEW EDITIONS

- "The National Sports of Great Britain," by Henry Alken (Methuen), net 4/6; "Twenty Years After," by A. Dumas (Methuen), 1/0; "The Castle of Eppstein, Crop-Eared Jacquot, and Other Stories," "The Snowball and Sultanetta," and "Ocelle," by A. Dumas (Methuen), each 0/6; "The Analysis of the Hunting Field" (Methuen), net 2/6; "Memoirs of Mlle. des Echevillers, being Side-Lights on the Reign of Terror," translated by Marie Clothilde Balfour (Lane), net 6/0; "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun" (Marianne Alcorado), translated by Edgar Prestage (Nutt), net 2/6; "A Treasury of Translations" (Vorse), by A. E. A. Azon (Albert Broadbent), 0/3; "An Emerson Treasury" (Broadbent), 0/3; "A Treasury of Devotional Poems," by W. G. Kingsland (Broadbent), 0/3; "The Story of Creation," by Edward Clodd (Watts), 0/6; "Science and Speculation," by G. H. Lewes (Watts), 0/6; "Was Jesus a Carpenter," by Ernest Crosby (Mas n Press); "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis (Richards), net 1/0; "Plays of Molière," in French, with a new translation by A. H. Waller (Richards), net 3/6; "History of Civilization in England," by H. T. Buckle (Richards), net 1/0; "King's Letters: from the Days of Alfred to the Accession of the Tudors," newly edited by Robert Steele (Morning), net 2/6; "As You Like It," and "Love's Labour's Lost" (Little Quarto Shakespeare, Methuen), each net 1/0; "In Relief of Doubt," by R. E. Welsh, M.A. (Allenson), 0/6; "A Popular History of the Ancient Britons, or the Welsh People, from the Earliest Times to the end of the Nineteenth Century," by Rev. John Evans, B.A. (Stock), 5/3.

PERIODICALS

- "Scribner's Magazine," "Cassell's Magazine," "American Journal of Archaeology," "The Reader," "The Lamp," "The Independent," "The British Realm," "The Bookman," "Critic," "Baconiana," "Forum," "Indian Magazine," "The Artisan," "Quarterly Review."

Foreign

ART

- Dessins Anciens (Müller et Cie, Amsterdam)

Personalities : J. A. Nau

THE Academy de Goncourt has given its first prize of £200, and a little wave of excitement has rippled over the literary world. The awards of the older Academy are no longer arousing to any but the recipients. The possibility of surprise has been too completely eliminated. Eminently proper, the Home of the Immortals is also just a little dull in its propriety. But the New Academy holds the potentialities of the young and the unknown. In consequence, its first decision could only bring with it instant celebrity—were it nothing else but the celebrity of curiosity.

To explain the De Goncourt Academy is unnecessary. At its founding it was amply described and commented upon. We quote only one admirable sentence out of Edmond de Goncourt's dispositions concerning it:—

My supreme desire is that the prize should be given to freshness and originality of talent, to courageous endeavours after newness of thought or construction. Other things being equal I wish also that preference should always be given to a work of fiction.

In this simple phrase De Goncourt set the aim of his Academy. But the qualifications implied are rare, and among critics generally it was thought that if rigidly adhered to the dispensing of the yearly prize would lapse into the solitary event of a lifetime. But the first prize has been given, and in Paris the book "*Force Ennemie*" and the author, Monsieur John Antoine Nau, are the topics of the moment.

Both were unknown yesterday. Nevertheless from the beginning this new celebrity has known a career full of surprises, strangenesses, and constant upheavals from routine. Originally a sailor, he was also a poet, but after many vicissitudes and failures he accepted a post as gardener in Andalusia. From there he sent from time to time poems to various French magazines. Some were published but none attracted any general attention. Then came the novel "*Force Ennemie*," and one of the De Goncourt Academy reading it was vividly impressed with its possession, not only of talent, but of talent rich in personal and direct observation. At the next dinner it was proposed for candidature. The result we know; it remains to mention briefly the main outlines of the book itself.

"*Force Ennemie*" is above all original and sincere. Its appeal is wide, and, in spite of a subtle and fine psychology, simple and permanent. It treats of one of the common tragedies of life—a tragedy that at any moment may intrude into the placid domesticity of existence—the tragedy of madness. In the immense flood of French amorous novels it is a great stride taken away from the well-worn roads of fiction. But its originality goes deeper than in merely choosing insanity as the central theme of a long novel. Insanity as a subject has been treated before in French literature, and treated, besides, with incomparable power and pathos. Monsieur Nau's book is the study of a condition that civilisation forces perpetually nearer to the whole population, that of partial insanity, when the victim is neither wholly sane nor wholly a prey to dementia. Ostensibly the story is written by the lunatic himself, in the asylum where he has been placed by a cousin. The "*Force Ennemie*" is the unfortunate man's own conception of an inimical being escaped from some awful world to take possession of his body as a dwelling place. He is himself sane, lucid, until this pitiable creature suddenly obtains mastery, and pours out incoherent bitterness and rage.

It is horrible and morbid, but madness is too close about us for the subject to be either indifferent or unworthy. Again, the book is full of faults. Immaturity invades it everywhere. Redundancy and bad taste struggle to spoil it as a finished performance. There are scenes whose

publication even the French critics have deeply regretted. Much of it is repulsive. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the writer shows power and a grip of the more difficult elements of human psychology, as well as a marked personality of manner.

The De Goncourt Academy has not needed, in this its first authoritative action, to make concessions to necessity. Its next award will in consequence be awaited with an even sharper curiosity.

M. BERESFORD RYLEY.

Egommet

AN unknown friend in the North sent me at Christmas the pretty present of a paper-knife, pretty in itself and pretty also in the kindly good-will that inspired the gift. It is a home-made paper-knife, certainly a case of home-made's best. I possess many paper-knives, though no collector, just as I own many pipes, but I only use one habitually, and now use only my pretty present. Paper-knives vary in appearance, ability and character, as do men and women. Some are merely ornamental, uncomfortable to the hand and destructive to books. My new favourite is of wood; a long, slim, well-bred, book-respecting article, which would never roughly rend a page or hurt the hand that caresses it.

True book-lovers delight to sit down to the cutting of a volume, though the pleasure does not always arise from the same cause. Some of us cut straight through from cover to cover, then read from first page, sometimes to the last; others of us—we book-lovers are brethren, though we differ as brothers ever have done—taste almost every page as it opens. For myself I am betwixt and between, cutting away with all due caution and proper care; then when a word or a line catches my fancy I stay my hand, reading awhile—a line, a paragraph, perhaps a page.

But in this matter as in all others I am no slave to routine. When I am cutting an old friend, maybe disguised in a new dress, no sense of curiosity persuades me to pause; when my task is completed I settle down cosily in the corner of my old chair and re-read, calmly content and certain of what pleasure I shall find. Then, too, I deal with different books in diverse ways; a history, for example, I sometimes, in fact usually, cut from end to end, never pausing to taste; if a volume of poetry, I sip the sweets as I go on; essays tempt me not seldom to read a page or two on my way, and so forth.

Thin paper books are troublesome to cut without disaster; so, likewise, are those, too common nowadays, printed upon what is a near cousin to blotting-paper. Badly bound volumes, that groan and creak as they are opened, are queer customers to deal with; most periodicals—wire-bound abominations—are hateful, and the sincere paper-knife with difficulty restrains itself from doing them a damage. For paper-knives have their little tempers and must not be dealt with as if they had no feelings. Handle them roughly and they will be revenged upon you; be tender to them and they will be gentle; they are responsive to kindness, docile when used with respect. Has a paper-knife ever written its autobiography? It would make good reading.

E. G. O.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS' "*Letters from a Silent Study*" will be published simultaneously in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* and "*The New York Tribune*"; the exigencies of copyright law necessitate the postponement of the next letter for a week.

Science

Its Debt to the Dead

IT is but five weeks since the death of the heterodox thinker who was distinguished, amongst nations that own the Prince of Peace, for his singular and inimitable opposition to Militarism—a thinker whose closing years were saddened by a long and sanguinary war between two blood-related Christian peoples; and now two of the Empires that paid their tribute at his death are on the verge of war. This is the foremost subject in the minds of thinking men, whether they be humanitarians under a banner, or like him, wield a free lance: and on this brief reckoning, at any rate, Herbert Spencer is a failure, like all the deathless dead before him that have sought to do justice and love mercy. A failure indeed, but thanks to him, we know that human nature is not the same in all ages, but is rising, as he taught Tennyson, to a "height that is higher."

But now let us see of what else the world is thinking, besides a war of which no horrors can exceed this most poignant and ultimate of tragedies, that in the twentieth century after Calvary the Pagan should stand for light and progress and the Christian for unutterable barbarity. Let us take the astronomers—students of the most exact and wonderful of the natural sciences. Of what are they thinking? The answer is *cosmic evolution*—the new astronomy. In a few days a reverend Jesuit, noted for his astronomical researches, is to lecture at the Royal Institution on recent progress in astro-physics; in our knowledge, that is to say, of cosmic evolution, which has become, since Spencer wrote his famous essay on the "Nebular Hypothesis," half a century ago, the most fascinating and awe-inspiring subject that the human intellect can contemplate. So astronomy bows to him: and one reads with amusement, not unmingled with something very like contempt, the statement of a theological critic of Spencer—differing from his co-religionist—that "cosmic evolution is now universally regarded as a myth"!

And what are the chemists and physicists talking about? Why, curiously enough, they are all agog about *atomic evolution*, which has become, within the last year, as certain a truth as cosmic evolution. Species are not immutable: not even species of atoms. And whilst the public gapes at the price of radium, the whole scientific world is thanking it for having supplied the final proof that evolution applies to the very "foundation-stones" of the material universe. So physics and chemistry join with astronomy in bowing to Spencer's genius.

And what are the biologists talking about? Why, curiously enough, they are all agog about *organic evolution*. Only last week Professor Ray Lankester concluded a series of lectures on "Extinct Animals" at the Royal Institution—the Christmas lectures for children! As a matter of fact, these were really lectures on the overwhelming evidence derived from geology and palaeontology in favour of the theory of organic evolution. And this week Professor Miall has begun a series of six more lectures on the development of animals, and, in April, will follow them with three more on the transformations of animals! So biology joins with physics, chemistry, and astronomy in bowing to Spencer's genius. Well might Darwin call him "our great philosopher," remembering Spencer's memorable essay on the "Development Hypothesis," published in 1852, seven years before the "Origin of Species," and establishing beyond a doubt his right to be remembered as the first independent thinker who adopted the theory of organic evolution. In this connection it is interesting to observe that, except for a dim adumbration in "Social Statics," Spencer completely missed the idea of what he afterwards illuminated by calling it the

"Survival of the Fittest." It seems obvious enough to us now that if there is a struggle for existence the fittest will survive; and it is a commentary on the limitations of the human mind that Spencer should have missed it. Of course he had not at that time the ideas of "fitness" in adaptation to "environment": words and ideas which he has given to us for the clarification of all subsequent thinking.

The word "evolution"—formerly used in a totally different sense—we also owe to Spencer: so that it is of interest to observe that his great opponent, the Master of Balliol, is adding two more volumes on the "Evolution of —" to that which he has already issued. Indeed it would be easy to show how Spencer's opponents are unable to attack him, or even do any of their own "independent" thinking, without using his terms and ideas as the key and clue to all their mental operations.

Space fails, or I would quote the educationists, with their new magazine, the sociologists, with their new society, and the psychologists, with their recent advances, in proof of my thesis. But I must just mention the medical men who, as Sir William Collins has just pointed out, are finding, in the application of Spencerian ideas to the problems of cell-life, the right way in which to solve the nearly-conquered problem of cancer: whilst there lies before me a card of the Morison Lectures which are to be delivered on "Insanity" before the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and which will deal with that subject on the basal idea of evolution.

And what is the French Press talking about? Well, mainly, it seems, about the ignorance of the British Press, and the apathy of the British people, when one of the immortals passes from amongst them. Now I fancy it might easily be shown, from the recorded figures of sale of Spencer's books, that many people have lately had to write about him without any knowledge of their subject. But the fact remains that certain people have, without excuse, written some astounding nonsense. Principal Fairbairn says that his philosophy will be dismissed by posterity as that of one who was a poet and a dreamer rather than a thinker. Another writer says he was not a man but an intellect. These may be left to one another. I have myself been challenged, by one who had not read ten pages of Spencer, to adduce "a single idea" from him; but a writer in the "Daily News" has achieved a costly immortality by describing Spencer as an industrious plodder rather than an original thinker, and by adding, in a phrase at which the centuries will laugh, that "First Principles" is not wholly destitute of "a certain literary power." This of a book for which science and philosophy had been waiting since the dawn of thought, and which the forty most active years in the history of man's mind have since established by telescope, spectroscope, microscope, by processes mathematical, experimental, logical, and by all other processes whatever, as part of inexpugnable Truth. Verily may it be said, in Emerson's phrase, of him whom "all the world outside the walls of our Universities"—to quote the "Fortnightly"—honours and thanks to-day, that "to be great is to be misunderstood." But as I walked sadly away from the last scene, and saw a little film of smoke rise into the air from the crematorium tower, denoting the physical end of the great brain for which we are but the first of thousands of generations that shall yet give thanks, I comforted myself with old Daniel, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

IT is pleasant to find Mrs. Craigie lending the weight of her authority to the argument so often put forward in these columns, that the stage of to-day is weak because of its being overweighted with convention, and of its lacking fidelity to nature. In her lecture before the O.P. Club, on Sunday evening last, Mrs. Craigie urged that what was required of authors and actors alike was less of convention and more of nature. Stage convention is an unhappy term in that it includes many things that cannot and should not be abolished, as well as many that should be made an end of as soon as can be. All theatrical art may be said to be a convention, equally truthfully it may be said that when we go to the theatre we are called upon to "make believe." Quite so, but stage conventions should be used to assist us in making believe and not to destroy all possibility of illusion. I do not ask for reality on the stage, but for a performance, both from author and actor, which will appear real; of course I am now writing only of the serious drama—of plays that claim to deal with the actual affairs and events and emotions of life. Some stage conventions are rendered necessary by the circumstances under which plays are acted.

THE actor must speak in tones and with elaborate distinctness which would be unbearable in ordinary intercourse, because in the theatre he is addressing a large and in part distant audience; the scenery must be painted in colours far distant from nature because the lighting of the stage is utterly unlike the lighting of nature; in nature there are shadows, on the stage there are none, hence the scenery and the actors' faces must be provided with painted shadows; such conventions as these are indispensable. There are conventions, however, which are not only unnecessary, but wholly destructive of illusion—of the possibility of making believe that the performance we are witnessing is life and not play-acting. As Mrs. Craigie pointed out, there is a tendency nowadays, as we sit and watch the play, to say that "Mr. So-and-So is doing this, that, or the other very cleverly," whereas we should say "such and such a character in the play has come home to our hearts, and has stirred in us responsive emotions." As I have before now pointed out, actors and actresses should, as do painters or writers of fiction, study straight from nature the characters they are called upon or choose to depict. The acting of old men and other character parts is almost wholly a matter of convention in the theatre of to-day; there are conventional voices, gestures, garments, make-up, and so forth. In so far as these conventions were founded upon study of human nature they can stand, but they must be checked from day to day; the convention that yesterday was true and natural may to-day be quite the opposite.

THEN stage manners are almost wholly conventional; we have abolished the time-dishonoured performance of insisting on a dialogue being carried on by two seated actors who have carried chairs down to the footlights for that particular purpose, and who will carry them back to their previous positions when the conversation is concluded. But stage managers still consider it necessary to keep the actors bustling about the stage in a meaningless, unnatural and distracting manner. In life I do not speak three or four sentences to my friend at one side of the room, and then, with him, elaborately cross the room before I continue my discourse. Why should I do so on the stage? A volume might be written upon the subject of stage conventions; here I can only draw attention to the theory that underlies all stage performances.

REALISM in the theatre has unfortunately come to be a synonym for everything that is sordid—too often for everything that is nasty. Otherwise it is the word we want.



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

[Photo, Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

We do not ask of the stage what is real; the absolutely real on the stage would appear unreal; what is desired and but too little sought after, is the *unreal*, which will to the spectator appear real. To take the greatest example of all, Shakespeare's plays as regards diction and often as regards possibility, are utterly unreal, but the emotions are real, and, properly acted, the effect upon the audience is that of reality. Or, to take another high example, a flat cloth of a landscape, painted by such an artist as the late Mr. Beverley, often appears more real than elaborately built up sets, with real leaves, real flowers, real water, and other realities that in their unreal surroundings appear unnatural and untrue. The fact is, they *are* unreal and untrue in such surroundings.

THE comic note was, unfortunately, in evidence more than once at untimely moments in Mr. A. O'D. Bartholeyns' drama, "Swift and Vanessa," produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday last. Undoubtedly there is tragic material in the story of the Dean, Vanessa and Stella, but probably not material for a drama; if known facts are adhered to and not added to, the motives of the leading characters must remain obscure; if fiction is added to facts, those acquainted with the latter are naturally dissatisfied. Mr. Bartholeyns not only indulges in fiction, but introduces, quite unnecessarily, such persons as Gay and Congreve, and utilises well-known sayings of well-known folk in a way neither accurate nor happy. Some

of the scenes are skilfully constructed, but the language hardly ever, except when quoted, rises above mediocrity; in three words—an ambitious failure. Had it been better acted the play would have been more impressive; only Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Swift played with character and distinction.

As a distinguished French critic puts it, M. Brioux's dramas represent an ingenious method of giving lectures. His latest play, if it can so be called, "*Maternité*," produced at the Théâtre Antoine, is actually a most serious lecture or discussion on that subject. And strangest of all M. Brioux succeeds in interesting us and in arresting our attention.

If the Anti-Semites had not made capital out of it from their point of view, Maurice Donnay's "*Le Retour de Jérusalem*" would be regarded as one of his best comedies. It is above all a drama of sentiment, and the scene in which the lovers decide to separate is one of the most simple and pathetic that Donnay has ever written.

A FRENCH theatre is about to be established at Rome, in which French actors will produce French plays both old and new.

AMONG living German dramatists, Franz von Schönthan, author of comedies and farces, stands highest in popularity. There were last year, in Germany, no less than 1,366 performances of plays by him. Blumenthal and Kadelburg follow with 1,337 performances. Meyer-Förster's "*Alt-Heidelberg*" was played 1,255 times. Works by Sudermann reach the remarkable number of 1,050. Schiller heads the list of classical dramatists with 1,111 performances. Shakespeare comes next with 658, and then Goethe with 347. Living foreign dramatists may be ranged in the order—Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Björnson.

New dramas are announced by Max Dreyer, the author of the "*Probekandidat*," entitled "*Venus Amathusia*," and "*Möller Hildebrand*." Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the author of "*Elektra*," is preparing a German version of Otway's "*Venice Preserved*," which was last performed in Germany at the Weimar Theatre when under the direction of Goethe.

At the Royal Theatre, Stuttgart, the Goethe-Bund produced for the first time three satires of Lucian in the German version of Paul Lindau. Those selected were: "*Timon, the Misanthrope*," "*The Cock, or the Cobbler's Dream*," and "*The Tyrant, or the Passage of the Styx*." The two last obtained the most applause.

ON New Year's Eve, the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, produced a new farce by Gustav Kadelburg, entitled "*Familie Schierke*." It is witty and amusing, and abounds in comic situations. The leading motive is to be found in the accident by which a highly respectable man makes the acquaintance of a little street dancing-girl, and so disturbs the harmony of his hitherto peaceful domestic life. But despite the many complications, all ends happily, and the audience dispersed in a merry humour ready to enjoy their *Sylvesterabend* (New Year's Eve) supper with the indispensable hot punch.

Musical Notes

SOME years ago, Sir A. C. Mackenzie announced that he should write no more works for British musical festivals; the game, he declared, was not worth the candle. Art for art's sake, in Sir Alexander's judgment, was all very well, but a little bread and butter was none the less acceptable, and so he figuratively shook the dust of the festivals off his feet. Apparently, however, Sir Alexander has changed his mind or has converted others to his way of thinking, and the interesting announcement has been made that a new cantata from his pen entitled "*The Witch's Daughter*" will be the most important novelty at the next Leeds Festival. "*The Witch's Daughter*" suggests possible descent from "*The Spectre's Bride*"; but having in view Sir Alexander's nationality it is more likely, perhaps, that the lady will prove to be, as the Babu writer said, "of Scotch." Other new works to be heard at the festival will be a setting of one of Aytoun's poems by Dr. Charles Wood, and a cantata from the pen of Dr. Walford Davies, based on a text derived from the old morality play "*Everyman*." The latter should lend itself to musical treatment rather well.

MISS ADA CROSSLEY seems to have carried all before her during her recent visit to the Antipodes. In Australia the papers appear to have vied with one another in the expression of their enthusiasm—enthusiasm naturally not diminished by the plucky way in which, rather than disappoint the public, she sang after the accident to her ankle with her foot in plaster of Paris and standing between two chairs to afford her support. And from New Zealand came tributes equally emphatic—among others a graceful sonnet from the pen of Mr. David Will. M. Burn, of which a copy has reached us. Thus run the concluding lines:—

Out of the Deep a Voice sings—Thine—this day,
And the charmed waves of plastic human minds
Leap to the mastering magic of Thy lay,
Rich with Earth's runes, wistful as wandering winds,
And soft as star-shine—leap, and surge, and sway
Till each, soul-stilled, the Heart of Beauty finds.

Such things would make some vocalists vain—but not Miss Crossley.

IN these days, when so many are content to have the courage of other people's convictions, it is pleasant to read of someone, such as the late Mr. Andrew Deakin of Birmingham, who was not afraid to possess opinions of his own, and to express them with uncompromising vigour; and this, even though one of those same opinions was to the effect that "the two greatest choral works ever written are both by Mendelssohn—the '*Elijah*' and the '*St. Paul*.'"

"What of the B minor Mass of John Sebastian Bach?" we timidly inquired.

"I don't think much of it. There are many masses much better. I prefer any of Schubert's masses to Bach in B minor."

There is something very refreshing in this. "What about the Prophet Samuel? Was not he both great and good?" Thus Mark Twain has told us his parents reasoned with him when he objected to the baptismal name which they had bestowed on him. "Not so very," was the youthful Samuel's unabashed response. Mr. Deakin's reply to the interviewer recalls that historic passage. Mr. Deakin was, it seems, for many years musical critic of the Birmingham "*Daily Gazette*."

WHY the "*Elijah*" and the "*St. Paul*," by the way? Unless I am mistaken it is a fad of quite recent

development thus to allude to these and other works, though wherefore this has come about I am at a loss to say. The names of the oratorios are "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and there is no more need to call them *the* "Elijah" and *the* "St. Paul" than there is to say *the* "Hamlet" or *the* "Macbeth." The trick is the more irritating since it is usually encountered on the lips of the would-be always accurate and precise. By parity of reasoning one might expect to find them saying *the* "The Dream of Gerontius" and *the* "The Apostles."

APPROPOS of that familiar "essential turn" of Wagner, which Dr. Cowen alluded to the other day, the question has been raised as to the right method of its performance as it occurs in the Prayer from "Rienzi." Should it be given in the ordinary straightforward way, or in the form of a "back turn," such as it takes in the case of the "Brünnhilde" motive from "Götterdämmerung"? In former days it was, if I am not mistaken, invariably given in the direct and ordinary manner, and to my ears this sounds obviously the correct and more pleasing reading, since the turn seems then to go with instead of against the natural curve of the melody, whereas when the other reading is adopted I derive a precisely contrary impression. None the less, the "back turn" would seem of recent years to have found favour in some quarters with or without authority—Dr. Muck, for example, adopts this reading at the Berlin opera—and it would be interesting, therefore, to ascertain if possible which version is actually the right one. Presumably the original score throws no light on the subject, or no difference of opinion would have arisen. But Richter and many others could say, of course, what Wagner's own practice in the matter was. And this should settle it.

ONE used to be told of

Sugar and spice
And all that's nice

in one's childhood; and the distich comes back to one on reading that no less than seven of Massenet's operas, which are nothing if not sugary and sweet-stuff-like, are to be heard at Nice during the forthcoming operatic season there. These are "Marie Magdeleine," "Hérodiade," "Manon," "La Navarraise," "Cendrillon," "Thaïs" and "Werther." The novelties of the season will be Puccini's "La Tosca," Lucien Lambert's "La Flamenca," and Xavier Leroux's "La Reine Fiammette," while Wagner will be represented by "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Das Rheingold."

"LYING" or "lying down"? That seems to sum up in epigrammatic form the singular controversy which has arisen in New York as to the precise nature of a remarkable incident which appears to have occurred the other day at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Conried's is one story—or rather, to be quite accurate, a statement ascribed to Mr. Conried in the "Musical Courier":—

As he passed down the corridor and by the Press-room, he noticed that the daily critics, after the second act of the opera, were at work writing their reports. He went into the room and told them, among other things, that he could not understand how they could, under the circumstances, write correct criticisms of the opera. . . . Thereupon the critics left the room and returned to their seats to listen to the next act.

That is the "lying down" version of the incident. According to Mr. Krehbiel, the critic of the "Tribune," on the other hand—

Such a scene as that described . . . between Mr. Conried and the gentlemen of the Press at the Opera House never took place. It is a lie made out of whole cloth.

That is the "lying" version. Clearly it is not for anyone on this side to attempt adjudication in such a delicate matter. But the episode is a pretty one as it stands.

A QUARTET by Mr. J. B. McEwen, a former pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, was an acceptable feature of the last Broadwood concert. Like many young composers, Mr. McEwen seems rather inclined to mistake extension for fulness, and his work would certainly gain by compression. "What I say three times is true" may be a sound rule in the Wonderland region, but it is apt to prove tiresome embodied in music—for all the examples of the great masters to the contrary. Most of the musical works in existence are too long—Wagner operas and Beethoven symphonies not excepted. Still Mr. McEwen has ideas and knows how to treat them, and his quartet, which is Scotch rather than Scotch in character, was quite worth hearing. A set of "pastorals" for vocal quartet, with an accompaniment of piano and strings, by Dr. H. Walford Davies were also introduced, and proved pleasantly melodious and expressive.

Art Notes

WITH regard to what I said in reviewing "Moot Points," the other day, Mr. Day writes to ask me if I "would tell him a little more in detail how it is that craft and not art has to do with the beautiful." Well, I had hoped that I had made this clear; but I will try to set it in as clear terms as possible. It may be conceded, to start with (I think Mr. Day and his opponent, Mr. Crane, would both concede me this), that *the most interesting thing to man is life*. Now, we can only know of life through two means (I am excepting the obvious fact that the best way to know life is to live it)—either by the intellect or by the senses. We cannot know of life by the intellect, that is to say, by the thinking machinery, until we can transfer ideas and facts to others, and they to us, by *speech* (or *language* if you will). And just as speech transfers thought from one to the other, so does art transfer the emotions (or the things felt) from one to the other—whether by the sense of sound, or taste, or form, or colour, or other human sense. The artist cannot transfer an emotion as he can transfer a thought by mere logical speech, but he can use speech to build up a sensation (poetry or prose), or he can make colour build up a sensation (painting), or he can make sound build up a sensation (music); and he must do so before he can transfer that sensation into the emotional receptivity of others. That act is art. But I have said he has to build it up, just as in appealing to the intellect he has to build up speech (*a language that his hearers can understand*). And it is in this building up of his art (*the means by which he transfers emotion*) that craftsmanship is born. And just as when a man would transfer thoughts to others, the craft of his transference (speech) cannot be too perfect if he would be fully understood, otherwise you would but have a Babel of strange sounds; so when a man would transfer emotion to others, the craft of his transference cannot be too perfect. In other words, craftsmanship requires perfection of statement as its essence, and will therefore always contain the essence of the beautiful. But art, which, undoubtedly, and I admit it, transfers emotion to others according to the perfection or power of its craftsmanship, need not in itself be beautiful, or seek after beauty—beauty indeed is only one of many sensations. An ugly thing, a gargoyle or an ugly woman, or a dwarf, or vengeance, or hatred, are just as artistic as any beautiful thing. Tragedy is just

as artistic as comedy. I hope I have made it clear, then, that beauty is almost an essential necessity to craftsmanship, and therefore, to the *manner* in which a work of art is created; also that this has probably been the chief source of error in confusing beauty with art. I do not know whether I have convinced Mr. Day, or even made him re-examine his own ideas as to beauty, and art, and craftsmanship. But once the attention is drawn to the plain fact that art is not beauty, and is as much concerned with ugliness, or horror, or vengeance, or death, or any other far from beautiful thing, as long as that thing is a human emotion, surely the truth-seeking artist will at once realise that, at any rate, art and beauty are not one.

MONSIEUR RODIN has taken the keenest interest in the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and is being feasted and made much of by the Society, which is as enthusiastic about their president as he about it. A fuller notice of the exhibition I must leave over until next week. But I should like to say, before my space gives out, that in the midst of all this talk of the Society I regret to see no mention of the man out of whose guidance, brain, energy and resource, the Society was created—Mr. T. P. O'Connor's stepson—Francis Howard. One more word about Monsieur Rodin before I close: I am heartily glad to see that he reminds an interviewer that there were very few statues in Greece that were really works of art or very beautiful; indeed, there is no particular mention amongst Greek writers that the Venus of Milo was particularly appreciated! Critics generally speak of Greece as of a nation in which art was largely diffused throughout all classes. As a matter of fact, the youth of Greece were probably as Philistine as English public-school boys, and the average man as erudite as an undergraduate.

MR. GALLATIN'S handsome catalogue of "Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings," with his list of criticisms thereon, is a rare prize for the Beardsley collector. I tested it by looking for certain articles which I wrote as "Hal Dane" upon Beardsley in "St. Paul's" long ago, and I found them correct in every detail, but what was a far more severe test, I looked carefully to see whether two or three headpieces and tailpieces of Beardsley's that were illustrations to my articles had been noted, and I am bound to say that Mr. Gallatin's keen eyes have missed no slightest detail. Beardsley designed in all, I think, three headpieces for "St. Paul's." When an American is an enthusiast, there is no man in the world to approach him for enthusiasm. I congratulate him on the large-heartedness of his collecting spirit, which has given all of us who collect Beardsleys, the opportunity of securing a reproduction of the strangely tragic portrait of Aubrey by Rothenstein, and two or three drawings, "Alvary as Tristan" and "Klasky as Isolde," that even I did not know—and all this in addition to a catalogue which it is a very joy to possess, a catalogue which no lover of Beardsley's work can well do without. And I must add a word of praise for the good taste shown in the whole production of the book from cover to cover.

MR. NORMAN GARSTIN shows a number of water-colours at the Fine Art Society's in Bond Street, of Normandy, Brittany, and Holland, which he entitles "In Border Land"—though Julia does not appear.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN'S lectures on Painting begin at four o'clock at the Royal Academy on Mondays and Thursdays. Monday 11th opens the series with "Some

Early Painters," to be followed by "Lighting and Arrangement," "Colour," "Titian, Rembrandt, and Velasquez," "Open-air Painting and Landscape," and, lastly, "Realism and Impressionism."

MISS BESSIE WIGAN is to have an exhibition of water-colours entitled "Wanderings and Wanderers" at Messrs. Dickinson's Galleries in Bond Street next week.

THE Women's International Art Club opens its doors to the public about the same time with their exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

MR. JOHN BAILLIE'S galleries in Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road, will also be open on Monday the 16th with shows of oil paintings by Connard, water-colours by Bellingham Smith, and Japanese colour-prints.

MR. CHARLES GORDON has written an interesting account of "Old Time Aldwych, Kingsway, and Neighbourhood" (Unwin, 21s. net), in which he not only sketches the historical associations of the ground covered by the Strand improvements of to-day, but gives a useful summary of the scheme for these improvements, and of the wrangles and squabbles that were the inevitable prelude to the work of the County Council. To me, personally, the most serious trouble as regards the improvements lies in the narrowness of Fleet Street at the point where that abortion of a monument stands to mark the site of the old Temple Bar—surely this place will always tend to congestion. The much-abused griffin on top is the only good piece of the monument. But I am not here concerned with anything but the artistic merits of the improvements. The feeling of fresh air and space is delightful; and, picturesque as was the old Bookseller's Row, the open space is far more pleasant. But I have always fears of "artistic improvements" in London city. In France they know the value of broad flat spaces for the walls of houses, relieved by the universal and picturesque rows of painted wooden shutters to the windows. But the English city architect hates the great flat front of stone—how he loves to put grooves along the edges where they meet, and to carve those heavy meaningless forms above doorways and about windows! There are house-fronts in Fleet Street that make the teeth ache. And to think that once upon a time, after the great fire, Sir Christopher Wren nearly designed a new London! But vested city interests (ah! those vested interests!) came between London and grandeur, and Wren's magnificent plan for a new London came to naught. Yet, though the great opportunity died, there grew up as London a wonderful patch-work and beautiful city. The Strand, built on the picturesque lines and charming colour of the temporary building known as "Short's," with its black beams and its green shutters, would have been a delightful place; but I see the hard-lined, gruesome, raw-edged, hideously "utilitarian" city-front rising in the near future to make of this romantic old dingy thoroughfare a show-place fit for the sale of ill-made things—a street relieved here and there by a picturesque Gaiety Theatre, where the pit-doors at which people await admittance in a row for hours is unprotected by a canopy of any kind, whilst the stall entrance, where nobody waits for the buying of tickets, is gorgeously protected. I quite realise that the fine lines of the Gaiety are not improved by the ironwork awnings; but that architect must lack genius indeed who cannot triumph over an awning. There are artistic *possibilities* latent even in a button-hook. Mr. Gordon has been generously merciful, and given us good maps to his book, besides a most interesting series of old plates of the

"neighbourhood." One cannot, on reading his pages, help regretting the "old town"—but the years pass and new conditions call for the burying of old cities and the rise of the new. And perhaps age has more than a little to do with the picturesque.

THE bust of Washington presented by France to the United States has reached America, and is to be set up in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington it is said.

Correspondence

The Date of Charles Lamb's Birth

SIR,—If Mr. Edric Webster would do me the favour of carefully re-reading my letter he would see that I was aware of the extract he quotes—and have been, though this is of no interest, any time within the last twenty-five years. It is the one I referred to in the following words:—"If further evidence is required to 'make assurance double sure,' this may be found in the extract from the Temple Register of the births of the Lamb family, which the late Mr. Charles Kent published in his Centenary Edition of the 'Works' so far back as 1875."

Further, your correspondent would appear to be in error in his statement that the copy of the extract was made at the instance of Mr. Charles Keene, this having been done by Mr. Charles Kent, as stated above.—Yours, &c.,

S. BUTTERWORTH, Major, R.A.M. Corps.

Keats Grecian Urn

SIR,—I have read the three letters in THE ACADEMY for January 2 in reply to my letter of December 19. With your permission I will answer them as briefly as possible.

In reply to the first letter, signed K. de Watteville. I cannot avail myself of his suggestion to examine the frieze of the Parthenon at the British Museum, an institution with which I am very familiar, because I am at the present time living in the Isle of Man. I am fully aware that it is thought by an authority at the British Museum that Keats probably imagined his urn by a combination of sculpture actually seen in the British Museum with others known to him only from engravings. When he proceeded to describe his supposititious urn, he let his imagination falsify nature.

Mr. A. J. Dawson gives an interesting account of the attitude struck by calves recently debarred from the use of the maternal udder. The attitude is this: feet planted well apart, tail lifting slightly, and so on. That posture is quite incompatible with the description supplied by Keats of the "mysterious priest" leading the heifer to the sacrifice. Mr. A. J. Dawson compliments me on my verse. He says it is passable. What does Mr. Dawson think of Keats for his rhyming "skies" with "sacrifice" and "drest" with "priest"? Both of these abortive attempts at rhyme appear in the extract of a quatrain which I gave you in my letter of December 19. Does Mr. Dawson think that they are "passable"? I don't.

The third letter by Mr. E. Knox Linton contains the gist of the whole matter. He says, "Keats's phrase refers to the slight lifting of the muzzle which accompanies the action of lowing. The skies do not, of course, mean the region of the Pole Star, but somewhere nearer the horizon." The popular and poetical definition of "sky" is given by Webster in the small edition of his dictionary thus: "The aerial region above our heads." It is customary both in poetry and prose to use the word "skies"—not "sky"—in a devotional sense; and it is in that sense it was used by Keats when he wrote about the sacrificial heifer "lowing at the skies."

There is a fashion in poetry as in everything else, and Keats happens to be in vogue to-day; in my youth, Keats was certainly not in vogue. As a matter of fact, Lord Houghton and Matthew Arnold "discovered" him for a mass of professed lovers of poetry-lovers who cannot see any fault in their Master for the time being, however flagrant it may be.—Yours, &c.,

Isle of Man,

January 8, 1904.

L. P. PATTEN.

SIR,—I am surprised that no one has come forward in defence of Keats's accuracy in the line—

"Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies."

I do not pretend to much familiarity with the ways of cattle, but I am sure the poet is perfectly right. Everyone but the objector must have noticed that the cow turns her face upwards (at least comparatively to its usual position) when she lows. Thomson, who, I believe, was brought up in the country, has a very similar expression in his *Winter*:—

"With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale."

—Yours, &c.,

INDEX.

Dante

SIR,—At page 12, column 2, line 10, of THE ACADEMY for January 2, occurs this passage on Englishing foreign-tongued classics: "How fine, how even classic, such things may be without the Homeric translations of Mr. Andrew Lang and his colleagues." The apparent impiety is caused, of course, by a dropped line, which possibly runs thus: "the aids of rhyme and metre, is abundantly shown in" An article on Dante hints that there are extant several good prose translations of the "Divina Commedia." Would Mr. F. Kettle help us by mentioning them, distinguishing the best? By "best" I mean the most Andrew Langian. That scholar and poet is to me "the channel through which Heaven floweth" in such matters, and I should like to work him twelve hours a day for the rest of his life.—Yours, &c.,

S. HALE.

[I am away from my books, so cannot give Mr. Hale a full answer. Longfellow and Cary are good, though I do not myself read them with pleasure. Norton's is very faithful, but with little, I think, of the Dantesque feeling. Musgrave—we still await his *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*—is a translation abounding in good things, and quite the best for the Dante neophyte. Carlyle's *Inferno* is admirable, and in prose. None of these translations are (how could they be?) in the manner of Andrew Lang's *Odyssey*. Wicksteed's *Paradiso* is a fine piece of exquisite workmanship. Butler, Vernon and Wright have their special merits. Musgrave's *Inferno* is in the Spenserian stanza—I forget both publisher and price.—F. KETTLE.]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space to thank Mr. Kettle for drawing my attention in his review of my book, "Exiles of Eternity," to my omission to acknowledge my indebtedness to Father Rickaby's translation of parts of St. Thomas Aquinas, and Selfe and Wicksteed's translation of selections from Villani's *Chronicle*—an omission which surprises me much more than it can your reviewer. Not only was it unintentional, but until I read his review I was quite certain that I had made due acknowledgment in the footnotes, and I am extremely sorry that my memory played me so ungentlemanly a trick. They are both, as Mr. Kettle says, very valuable books for the English reader.

Most of the items singled out for criticism are matters of interpretation, in which, of course, Dante gives plenty of scope for differences. But in one point I think your reviewer quite misrepresents—no doubt unintentionally—my position. Speaking of Dante's unworthy treatment of Friar Alberigo in *Ptolomaea*, he says, "Mr. Carroll sees little in this act deserving of censure, and gives it an ethical interpretation." I confess I do not understand what Mr. Kettle wants. I expressly say that Dante's better feelings seemed to be chilled by the wind of Lucifer's wings; that he broke his promise, and that he acted treacherously. I explain his extraordinary conduct by saying that it was his "very abhorrence of treachery which betrayed him into treachery." That is my understanding of Dante's character, but your reviewer will have none of it. Nothing short of a "demonic seizure" will satisfy him as an explanation. Has Mr. Kettle no natural indignation against a man who invited his brother to a banquet, and gave orders to his servants to slay him when he called for the fruit? I am not concerned to defend everything Dante did, but to call his indignation against such cold-blooded treachery to brother and guest mere *Spas* or "demonic seizure" seems to me, to put it mildly, a strange misunderstanding of the whole moral situation.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN S. CARROLL.

Innisfail, Newlands, Glasgow.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*). The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF RED OR COLOURED SNOW.—Can any of your readers inform me whether they have ever met in any old English chronicle, or in Hakluyt, or in any old book of travels, &c., a reference to this phenomenon, which Shakespeare was likely to have read, prior to 1599?—C.

★CLOUGH AND TENNYSON.—In the volume of Clough's collected poems the date 1849 is attached to the verses entitled "Peschiera," in which occur the lines—

"Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

"In Memoriam" was published in 1850, but Clough had had an opportunity of reading it previously. The question I want to ask is this: Was Clough's poem "Peschiera" published anywhere in 1849? If so, we should have the possibly unique case of an imitation being published before the poem imitated.—W. A. L.

★THE TWO-AND-THIRTY PALACES.—In a letter written to Reynolds (postmark, Hampstead, February 19, 1818) Keats writes: "When man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-point towards all 'the two-and-thirty palaces.'" Query, where are these palaces, and why two-and-thirty?—Comestor Oxoniensis.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR.—In an edition of the "Waverley Novels" in my possession (published by Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1861) I find in Chapter IX. of "Feveril of the Peak," in the letter addressed by Sir Geoffrey Peveril to Master Bridgforth, "you hold hard construction of certain passages between you and I." Can anyone tell me if this is seventeenth-century grammar or Scott's notion of it? Or can it be merely an execratic transatlanticism which has crept into an American edition of this novel?—Oliver E. Bodington (Paris).

★THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS.—What book is this? It is referred to in an article on "Darwin and his Interpreters," by P. N. Waggett in the "Pilot" of November 7, 1903, thus: "It ['The Origin of Species'] is one of the books which, like Boswell's 'Johnson' and 'The Book of the Foundations,' bring one within the direct influence of a deep soul."—M. A. C.

GENERAL

HENRY VI.'S COOK.—A grave-stone expert tells me that Henry's VI.'s cook is buried in the old churchyard at Cookham-on-Thames. Who was he? Is there any inscription on his grave? Is he referred to by any contemporary or later writers?—H. H. L.

★THE MAN IN THE STREET.—What is the origin of this now common phrase? I have seen the question asked but not answered.—Index.

★THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—This nursery rhyme is adapted from an ancient Jewish Passover hymn. What is the English rendering of its lines, and to what periods of Hebrew history do they refer?—Caltha.

★THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN.—What are the origin and signification (if any) of this famous rime? There was, indeed, once upon a time a battle fought at Flodden Field; but it is many a long day since that chaste and supercilious beast, the unicorn, has permitted himself to be chased round the town by a mere English lion (or leopard).—A. K. B.

★OLIVES.—In a volume of old Scottish poems I have been reading, I find *olives* are mentioned as if they grew in Scotland. This, of course, they never did. But in the patois of a district in the Jura, primroses are called *olives*. Is it possible that in old French this word was used for primroses, and has been adopted in Scotland, as so many French words have been?—M. M. (Birmingham).

★MADY, MAUDY.—In Nottinghamshire an ill-tempered child is often called a "mady" child, and in the southern shires a "maudy" child. I do not find this word in English dictionaries. Is it not possible it is from the French, *maudit*—"cursed"? Can any correspondent give me a more plausible derivation?—M. M. (Birmingham).

★GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Can anyone tell me when the title of "Father of his Country" was first applied to George Washington; and has it ever been applied to any other character in history?—E. F. S.

Answers

LITERATURE

★HARAKKUK.—In his "Philosophical Dictionary," under the head of "Propheta," Voltaire says: "Harakkuk was transported through the air, suspended by the hair of his head, to Babylon; this was not a fatal or permanent calamity, certainly; but it must have been an exceedingly inconvenient method of travelling. A man could not help suffering a great deal by being suspended by his

air during a journey of three hundred miles. I certainly should have preferred a pair of wings, or the mare horse, or the Hippogriff." I am not aware that he refers again to this prophet.—Index.

★MALBROUK.—The name of Malbrouk occurs in the "Chanson de Gestes" and in the "Basque Pastoral."—D. Lerp.

★LIVES OF THE SAINTS.—"Miniature Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. H. G. Bowden, 3 vols., Burns and Oates, 1879, 4s., contains the information needed by "K. C." and is the most complete for a moderate price work.—W. P. (Bristol).

★BABY.—The first writer to use the word in English and in the sense required was Sir Philip Sidney in his "Astrophel and Stella."—

"So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
Stella then straight lock't babies in her eyes."

—A. Cassorius.

★BABY.—In Farmer and Henley's "Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues" (revised) more than a dozen quotations are given of this quaint conceit. The first is from Sir P. Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," published about 1591. Similar quotations are given from the plays of Fletcher, and from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Herrick and Mrs. Aphra Behn are laid under contribution. The phrase is classified as "Old Colloquial."—W. B. L. (Stokeport).

★ANDREA FERRARA.—A sword or sword-blade of a kind greatly esteemed in Scotland towards the end of the sixteenth century and later. The blades are commonly marked "Andrea" on one side and "Ferrara" on the other, with other devices. The swords known by this name among the Scotch Highlanders were basket-hilted broadswords. It is now asserted by Italian writers that these were made at Belluno, in Venetia, by Cosmo, Andrea, and Gianantonio Ferrara, and that the surname is not geographical, but derived from the occupation. [Compare *ital. ferrajo*, a cutler, an ironmonger = Eng. *farrier*, < Lat. *ferrarius*, a blacksmith.]—M. A. C.

★ANDREA FERRARA.—A broadsword maker established at Belluno, in Italy, 1583. It is claimed for him that he tempered his blades by the same method as the swordmakers of Damascus.—J. M. H. (Edinburgh).

★MY HEART CAME INTO MY MOUTH.—The best authority is Burns, who expresses it most pithily in "Hallowe'en":—"Poor Lizzie's heart maist lap the hool." The hool is the pod of a pea. Lizzie's heart almost leapt out of its enclosing sheath.—J. M. H. (Edinburgh).

GENERAL

★WILLIAM UPCOTT.—antiquary and autograph collector, died 23rd September 1845. His library, books, manuscripts, prints, and drawings were sold by Sotheby at Evans's auction-rooms, 106, New Bond Street, on 15th June 1846 and following days. They are said to have realised £4,125 17s. 6d.; a large paper copy of the catalogue is at the British Museum. Many of the autograph letters were bought for the nation, and now form Additional MSS. 18641 to 18687 at the British Museum.—M. A. C.

★KICKSHAW.—This word is a corruption of the French *quelque chose* (something). It is sometimes spoken with contemptuous emphasis, and is used in English to describe a fancy dish in cookery, not one of the known "substantial English" dishes, but a "something" French. "A joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tittle Kick-shawes," Shak., "2 Hen. IV.," v. 1, 29.—W. P. (Bristol).

★OTHER-GUESS.—"OTHERGATES."—*Gate* = way, manner. "Ice, *gada*; Da, *gate*; Ger, *gasse* (compare *guess*). "Twentieth Century Dictionary." *Othergates* (*adv.* and *adj.*, *ibid.*) "survives as a north-country provincialism. Another form is 'other-guess,' used in Somersetshire." Aldis Wright on "Twelfth Night," Act V, sc. 1, l. 184. But Scott puts "another guess job" into the mouth of Justin Foxley, of Cumberland. Atkinson quotes "other gates" from the "Townley Mysteries." *Other-gate* (*adv.*) occurs in "Fragment B" of the "Romance of the Rose," which fragment Skeat attributes to "a Northerner." "Another-gates, which was used by Sidney in his 'Arcadia,' seems to have resulted from the confusion of *anotherkins* (of another kind), which survives in the Whitty dialect, and *another-gates* (of another gate, manner)." Strong, Logeman, and Wheeler, "Introduction to the Study of the History of Language," chap. viii.—B. M. G.

★CHRISTMAS BOX.—In the early days of Christianity boxes were placed in churches for promiscuous charities, and opened on Christmas Day. The contents were distributed next day by the priests, and called the "dole of the Christmas box," or the "box money."—G. E. D.

★CHRISTMAS BOX. has been derived from "balahcech," on the authority of Bishop Heber and Dr. Kelsall. It is more likely, however, that it was originally simply a sort of money-box with a slit in the cover, which was either placed on the hall table of country houses at Christmas for the benefit of the servants, or carried round the house by the children for the same purpose. Christmas Boxes of this description were sold in Dublin toyshops thirty years ago—and possibly even to-day.—Terence O'Brien.

★YULE.—Could you not find a way of impressing upon your correspondents that whenever an etymology is wanted, such books as "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary" or Ash's Dictionary of 1895 are of absolutely no use? They should consult either the big "Oxford Dictionary," edited by Murray, Bradley, and Craigie, or the "Concise Etymological Dictionary," by Professor Skeat. There can be no doubt that Yule was not originally the name for a (heathen) festival, but for a part of the old Germanic year. The old Germans counted by double-months, and *Yule* (Old English, *geol*; Old Norse, *jól*; Gothic, *giuleis*) undoubtedly was the name of one of these double-months, either November-December or December-January. (Comp. A. Tille, *Yule and Christmas*, London, 1899.) The original meaning of the word "Yule" has not been settled yet. But Chambers's suggestions, quoted by your correspondent, are philologically impossible. An etymology which answers the laws of phonology is given by Kluge and Lutz ("English Etymology," 1898) who connect the word with Old Norse *ell*, "snow-storm." Then "Yule" would mean "the time of snow storms."—Max Förster.

★WALTHAM DISGUISES.—In the eighteenth century the deer-stealers of Waltham wore black crape masks which were known as "disguises." The deer-stealers themselves were known as "Waltham Blacks," and the Act to put them down is called the "Black Act."—H. W. (Manchester).

A large number of Questions and Answers is held over owing to want of space.

NOTE.—Will correspondents to this page be kind enough to observe the rules and mark their envelopes A.Q.A.?—otherwise delay and disqualification ensue.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

Mr. H. Burnside, 20, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath, S.E.
Messrs. W. Haffer and Son, 103, Finsbury Street, Cambridge.
Mr. William Bryce, 54, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.
Messrs. Kent and Matthew, 254, Lavender Hill, S.W.

